

The Nation



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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1908.

The Week.

Gov. Hughes's letter explicitly stating that he will stand for the Presidency if the Republican nomination comes to him unsought, puts the case with simple dignity. It is not for him or any man to refuse the great office and the great responsibility. But his terms must be clearly understood. He is not going personally to engage in a fight for delegates. Whatever may be the fact with another Administration, *his* Administration is to be kept out of politics. Neither by the use of patronage nor by any direct appeal whatever, will Gov. Hughes seek the support of any man at the Chicago Convention. All that he desires is the free expression of the party's choice. If it falls upon him, he will do his best to serve the country; if it prefers another, he will be perfectly content, and will go back to the practice of his profession. The immediate effect of the announcement must be to strengthen the movement for Mr. Hughes; for there is a growing feeling that the peculiar need of the hour is a man who is known for intellectual vigor and moral steadiness; who is progressive, yet sure-footed; who makes the impression on all beholders of courage, independence, and a love of justice.

Ex-Senator Chandler is the latest practitioner of the spoils system to be moved to holy horror by the President's excesses in the use of patronage. He joins Foraker and Gallinger in rebuking Mr. Roosevelt for recreancy to that civil-service reform which they all love. In a letter which Chandler, together with ex-Gov. Kellogg of Louisiana, issued Tuesday morning to Southern Republicans, he calls upon them to resist the President's blandishments and terrors alike, and to send uninstructed delegations to Chicago. Chandler's pen has not lost its cunning, as may be judged by this adroit passage from his letter:

President Roosevelt's first appearance in public office in Washington was as a civil service commissioner; he abhors the use of patronage to control political conventions and has forbidden Federal officials to use their time and influence for political purposes. Any Federal officeholder seeking to control delegates to the Presidential convention is disobeying his orders and should be thrust aside by every self-respecting Republican at the South.

And it must be said that President Roosevelt is exposed to a peculiar humiliation when he lays himself open to attack by men of the Chandler and Gallinger class. There is every sign at pres-

ent of a powerful combination in the Senate to uncover and thwart Mr. Roosevelt's use of the Federal patronage to promote the nomination of Taft. On Monday, the Senate rejected the nomination of a pension agent in New Hampshire, avowedly made to further Taft's fortunes in that State. Both the New Hampshire Senators objected to confirmation. Coming on top of the rejection of the Ohio postmasters—a matter which we discuss elsewhere—and taken with the reported intention of the Senate to inquire into the Wanamaker appointment in this city, and into the whole charge that the Federal machine is being worked to its full power to force the nomination of Taft, the incident promises to do something for civil-service reform, even if at the expense of one of our most ardent civil-service reformers.

If a two-cent-per-mile passenger fare is confiscatory in Pennsylvania, as the Supreme Court of that State has just decided, it is fair to ask how many of last year's two-cent-fare statutes could stand the test of litigation. Just how traffic conditions in Pennsylvania compare with those in other States, is a question for experts. The mountainous character of the State doubtless offsets to some degree the economic advantage of exceptionally heavy traffic. Still, Pennsylvania has something like 145 inhabitants to the square mile, as against less than 25 in Minnesota, where a two-cent-fare law, passed with equal alacrity, has likewise been taken to the courts. It seems to us altogether probable that the outcome of all this litigation will be a striking vindication of the wisdom of entrusting the determination of such questions to a special body. It is a notable illustration of slap-dash legislative methods that the only State commission which did undertake an exhaustive inquiry into the general fairness of passenger rates, that of Wisconsin, was overruled by the Legislature, which passed a two-cent law on top of the commission's order fixing $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents a mile as a reasonable rate. It does not appear, however, that the States which took such action on general principles are going to be any the better for it in the long run. Our up-State Public Service Commission has been criticised for failure to reduce passenger fares promptly. We trust that, when it does act, it will be so fortified with facts that its decision will stand judicial scrutiny.

Gov. Guild of Massachusetts argues stoutly for tariff revision, but declares with his next breath that he is not a candidate for any further public office.

Is this an acknowledgment that a loyal Republican and sincere protectionist takes his political life in his hands when he asks the friends of the tariff to perform that task for which they alone claim to be qualified—bringing its schedules up to date? That remains to be seen. Still, if tariff reform must have its martyrs, Massachusetts is fitted to produce them. If there are degrees of iniquity in a system to which the objection is always fundamentally on moral grounds, the Dingley tariff is superlatively unjust to Massachusetts. The late Edward Atkinson analyzed, some four years ago, the tariff schedules in the light of the census of occupations, and concluded that, taking the country as a whole, out of 29,074,117 persons in gainful occupations, only 600,000 were occupied in "arts which would require a readjustment if all duties were suddenly removed, which no one proposes," while 2,396,285 more "would be practically free from foreign competition, if materials of foreign origin used in their processes were free of duty." The first class alone included about one wage-earner in 48, both combined about one in 9—a small enough proportion at best to justify a tax on the whole country. But for the city of Boston, the corresponding ratios were found to be 1 in 125 and 1 in 20, respectively. In a community where the possible tariff beneficiaries are only about one-fifth as numerous as in the country at large, it does seem as if Gov. Guild should be comparatively safe, even though his speech before the Shoe Manufacturers' Association was, according to stand-pat theory, incendiary.

The sub-committee of the currency commission of the American Bankers' Association has issued a statement which effectually disposes of two currency reform measures now before Congress—the Aldrich bill and the Fowler bill. The Aldrich bill, authorizing a taxed emergency bank circulation based on State, city, and railway bonds, such as savings banks may invest in, is condemned from almost every point of view. The measure would, in the committee's opinion, be an entering wedge for removal of real security against such circulation; it would not meet the emergency of a panic because of inevitable delay in putting out the notes; it would force the issuing bank to invest \$100,000 in such Stock Exchange securities for every \$75,000 of new note circulation taken out, and would thereby reduce the lending power of the bank; and, finally, it would tend to create a fictitious market for such securities and thereby encourage extravagance in their issue. The committee might have added, what

already seems the politically fatal objection to the plan, that it discriminates against interior banks, which are not in ready touch with the market for such securities. As to the radical and highly complicated Fowler bill, which would revolutionize at one stroke the entire currency system of the country, the committee expresses belief that its passage "would unsettle rather than improve financial conditions." The committee revives, as an alternative proposition, the scheme approved by the Bankers' Convention last September for a taxed circulation equal to 40 per cent. of outstanding bond-secured circulation, and an additional amount equal to 12½ per cent. of capital, both issues taxed and both protected by the same cash reserve as is carried against deposits. In principle, this plan commends itself. Our objection runs chiefly against the low rate at which this additional currency is taxed—2½ per cent. per annum on the first of the above classes, and 5 per cent. on the second. We believe that the tax should be high enough to force the retirement of such notes the moment that urgent need for them has ceased, and in order to compass that end, the issuing bank ought to pay something like the rate which would prevail for money at such times. But since neither 2½ nor even 5 per cent. is a fair price for money in the pinch of acute stringency, such additional circulation might conceivably be issued and kept outstanding, when there was no legitimate call for it. What, for example, would have been the policy of banks, during the artificial stringency created by our "millionaire booms" on the Stock Exchange, in 1905 and 1906? A currency measure which, even indirectly, would give aid to such undertakings—especially when the capitalists behind the speculation are in control of powerful banks—ought to be guarded with the most jealous care.

Congress will often wrangle for days over trifles, and then turn aside to enact an important piece of legislation in ten minutes. An example of the latter is furnished by the bill to limit the right of appeal to the Supreme Court in habeas corpus cases, which the House recently passed on the briefest statement by Mr. Littlefield, and almost without debate. The aim was to check that abuse of repeated appeals in criminal cases, of which we have lately had several notorious instances. If counsel suggest an unimportant or even frivolous "Federal question" in a murder trial, and then get their petition denied, they can lay the basis for renewed appeals to the Supreme Court, of which the end, or at any rate the sole result, is delay. According to the bill now sent to the Senate, appeal from the final decision of a United States court, in a pro-

ceeding in habeas corpus, shall be allowed to the Supreme Court only when the court appealed from, or a justice of the Supreme Court, shall be of opinion that there is "probable cause." This would put an end to the misuse of the process, and it is to be hoped that the Senate will agree to this bit of needed law reform.

The death of Edmund Clarence Stedman, removes a unique figure from American commerce and letters. He was a successful business man. He has said: "At thirty I went into the Stock Exchange because I needed to be independent in order to write and study." But he steadily resisted the encroachments and absorptions of Wall Street, and devoted a large part of his time to books. That a stock-broker should compile anthologies, produce volumes of criticism, lecture on literature at Johns Hopkins and elsewhere, edit poets, and even write poetry himself, is surprising; that he should do all this so gracefully seems little less than miraculous. But this city has always been a step-mother to letters, and it seems appropriate that one who represented so fully New York's second generation of literary men should have divided his energy between banking and writing. Among the third generation he will be remembered by many who as young men went to him for advice and encouragement, and found what they sought. He had the satisfaction of knowing that he helped to spread a taste for good reading among his countrymen; but for him personally perhaps the best return for his labors was the pleasure and profit that accrue from a wide intellectual interest. In his genial old age he was a fine specimen of sustained mental alertness and serviceable friendship. With great simplicity, yet with honest pride, he cherished a literary tradition of which few exemplars remain.

On Monday, the museum of the Hispanic Society in this city was thrown open to the public and put at the disposition of students. History and literature are represented by some 50,000 volumes in various tongues; arts and crafts by objects for the most part Spanish in origin, which already give a general view of the attainments of the Spaniards in art, and which in course of time will be augmented by the products of Spanish colonies in different parts of the world. The Hispanic Society, founded by Archer M. Huntington, is limited to one hundred members, each of whom must be a specialist in some line related to the aims of the organization. It is well known that Mr. Huntington has devoted his life to Spanish art, history, and literature. To him is due a magnificent edition of the *Cid* and many reprints of rare works which are boons to

Spanish scholars. That Spaniards attach value to his services may be inferred from the honors they have given him, such as a corresponding membership in each of the three Academies of Language, History, and Fine Arts. Among the members of the Society are Professors C. Carroll Marden of Johns Hopkins, Henry R. Lang of Yale, Hugo A. Rennert of Pennsylvania, and Fonger de Haan of Bryn Mawr. The museum contains the largest and most valuable library of Spanish books in North America. It has in its collections gold coins of the Moorish kings and examples of Hispano-Mauresque lustre-ware which are finer and completer than those in all but a few European museums; they would be an enviable addition to Madrid, and some are lacking to the great collections at the Louvre and the British Museum. These collections will be extended, but already they are comprehensive enough to show what a brave figure the Spaniards cut in the history of the arts. The Hispanic Society is the publisher in Paris of the *Revue Hispanique*, a quarterly necessary to scholars; and here in New York its museum should appeal to a much broader public. Such foundations make for culture; this one also for a closer knitting of the interests between us and the republics to the south.

The Hilprecht case has taken another turn. Professor Hilprecht has asked and received from the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania permission to publish "all the correspondence, documents, and evidence bearing upon this matter, presented before and during the investigation conducted by your committee in the year 1905, together with extracts from Vol. XX. of Series A of the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, reviews and critiques thereon, and correspondence in your possession and mine, both before and since 1905, bearing upon the controversy." This must be welcomed as a step in the right direction, though we believe that the easier and more direct way would be for Professor Hilprecht to prepare an explicit answer to the specific questions covering the main issues. Such an answer at any time in the last two years would probably have been welcomed by the university authorities; for in his letter to the trustees, Professor Hilprecht says that, as a result of the continued agitation and repeated accusations,

It is my conviction that the report of your committee as made public in 1905 has not been generally accepted as satisfactory, because your proceedings were conducted in private, and you have not made public the "pleadings" and testimony upon which it rests.

That conviction is certainly well founded. The report of the trustees exonerating Professor Hilprecht has generally

been regarded as a mere piece of whitewashing. As Professor Hilprecht admits, such an incident could not do otherwise than work "increasingly serious injury to the reputation of the university." It has been a bitter mortification to the distinguished scholars in the faculty, who are well aware that the world has accepted the action of the trustees as an announcement that wealth and social backing count for more than scholarship and truth.

President Elliot's efforts to bring about an agreement by the New England colleges to reduce the number of intercollegiate athletic contests, particularly in football, are reported to have failed. But to have persuaded four out of ten New England institutions that they might play fewer games without proving altogether false to the academic ideal, is by no means to have failed. Undergraduate opinion at Harvard is not in sympathy with the head of the university. The *Crimson* says:

If Harvard schedules are cut down, we shall be placed at another disadvantage. Let us use our influence for what seems best, but not perform dangerous experiments upon ourselves.

Had this editor been Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman or Prince von Bülow, discussing the question of naval disarmament, he could not have been more serious. Athletics is as vital to university life as war to national life; and the college that cuts down its teams is like the nation that stops laying down battleships. Columbia alone was foolish enough to believe that the millennium had come, and to drop football.

The report of the Canadian commissioner appointed to inquire into the causes for the sudden increase of Asiatic immigration, laid before the Canadian Parliament Monday, absolves the Japanese government from responsibility, and places the blame upon the Canadian Pacific Railway and other large employers of labor, at whose direct instigation the Japanese government modified its emigrant regulations. Between 1901 and 1907 about 4,500 Japanese immigrants entered British Columbia, whose Japanese population a year ago was less than 7,500. If that number increased by more than 50 per cent. during the succeeding ten months, it was not because Japan had at last determined to overrun British Columbia, but because, among many similar causes, the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia had practically contracted for a supply of mine labor in Japan. Apparently, the seat of the yellow peril is nearer to Ottawa than to Tokio.

The Japanese budget, which was submitted to the two houses at Tokio last week, bears internal evidence of the

financial strain under which the government is laboring. Taxes are to be raised on such necessities as sugar and kerosene, as well as on sake, beer, and alcohol. The item of "finance," which includes the interest on the national debt, is considerably more than half the total estimated expenditures. These Japanese are certainly making sacrifices for the sake of their military and naval prestige. Yet we will ask those of our readers who lie awake nights in fear of the aggressions of the little brown men, to compare the military and naval outlay, made at such cost of privation and burdensome taxation, with the corresponding items for this country. One yen is a minute fraction less than half a dollar, and we compare the figures at the ratio of 2 to 1:

JAPANESE BUDGET.

Army ordinary	\$35,104,889
Army extraordinary	18,603,497
Navy ordinary	17,405,368
Navy extraordinary	23,069,062
	<hr/>
	\$94,182,816

CONGRESSIONAL APPROPRIATIONS, 1907-1908.

Army	\$78,535,282
Navy	98,958,007
Military Academy	1,929,703
Fortifications	6,868,011
	<hr/>
	\$186,321,003

Supine as we Americans doubtless are, criminally neglectful of our duty, indifferent to the yellow peril at our very doors, we are nevertheless spending nearly two dollars on martial preparations where the alert and aggressive Yankees of the Orient spend one.

A well-known German writer declares in the January *Neue Deutsche Rundschau* that protective duties compel German consumers to pay from \$100,000,000 to \$125,000,000 a year in tribute to the wheat-growers of their country. The increase in cost of meat and other necessaries of life is even greater, and this, too, goes into the pockets of the German producers. Indeed, meat is no longer properly described as a necessity, but as a luxury. Hundreds of thousands of persons have learned to do without it, while the consumption of horse-flesh steadily grows—all of this that the government may bolster up in Prussia a tottering, outworn agricultural system. Meanwhile, the mother of Trusts continues to increase her ill-favored progeny in Germany. New syndicates and combinations to keep up prices are steadily reported in the press, with all the evils of artificial high prices with which we are so painfully familiar in the United States. Is it to be wondered at that there is rioting in Berlin's streets, or that the disfranchised cry for a share in the government? In still other aspects does the protectionist government of Germany resemble ours. It is magnificent in its ability to enlarge national expenditures, but can no more cut down its budget

than can our own Republican Congressional majority. Economy is too parochial an issue for a nation which aims at the mastery of the seas and looks beyond them for colonial ventures. Although the collapse of the Russian army and the unrest in that country have forced German military men to admit that they have nothing to fear now from even a joint attack by Russia and France, and although the relations with the latter country grow more and more pacific, despite the Morocco entanglement, no one talks of reducing the peace strength of the German army. Yet, if some of the 600,000 men, now withdrawn, were permitted to return to industrial pursuits, they would in part offset the ever increasing navy bills. Yet when the whole country is suffering from a trade reaction, and Prussia itself is facing a treasury deficit of \$125,000,000, the government of that country, with the sanction of the Imperial authorities, is asking the Prussian Landtag for an extra credit of \$100,000,000 for the purpose of forcibly expelling Polish landowners from their estates and paying them for the lands thus wrung from them.

The death of M. Guyot-Dessaigne, the French Minister of Justice, has led to a reorganization of the Cabinet. M. Briand has been transferred from the Ministry of Public Instruction to the vacant post; he has been succeeded by M. Doumergue, who surrendered the portfolio of commerce to M. Cruppi, a vice-president of the Chamber of Deputies and a prominent leader of the Radical Left. M. Briand's appointment as Minister of Justice is not altogether due to the fact that his Christian name is Aristides, as one Paris journal suggests. A more potent reason is the present status of the Separation question. As Minister of Public Instruction, M. Briand was the principal figure in the legislative crisis that followed the coming into force of the Separation Law in December, 1906. Before this he had been head of the committee that steered the bill through the Chamber, and the ablest advocate of that measure. He carried the Supplementary Law of January 2, 1907, made necessary by the almost unanimous refusal of French Catholics to organize into associations cultuelles for taking over the management of church property. By this time, however, the question of the devolution of Church property has become fully as important from the judicial point of view as from the legislative. The courts will henceforth have to deal with a vast number of cases involving the fulfilment of gifts and bequests granted for specific religious purposes, which are now incapable of realization. As Minister of Justice and keeper of the seals, M. Briand will therefore be in a position to continue his labors for Separation.

MORE "NAKEDNESS."

In a special message to Congress urging that the census clerks be put under the civil-service rules, the President spoke recently of the "cloaks" which had been devised to cover "the nakedness of the spoils system." But last week's proceedings in the Senate make it look as if Mr. Roosevelt himself were in need of some sort of wrap. He was exposed to a wintry blast from the Ohio Senators, who showed that he had been using the post-offices in their State to aid Taft, and who brought about the unanimous rejection of his nominees. And no Administration Senator came out of the cloak-room to protect the President from the icy cold.

Of course, strictly speaking, there is no violation of the civil-service rules in appointing postmasters who have ratted from Foraker and are devoting themselves to running conventions for Taft. They are not in the classified service—though Mr. Roosevelt has said that they ought to be there, and it has been a professed purpose of his Administration to "retain fourth-class postmasters during good behavior." The rejection of the Ohio workers for Taft, however, leaves Mr. Roosevelt with no possible ground of complaint. He has always "played the game," in the sense of admitting the right of the two Republican Senators from any State to control the patronage. Consequently, when Foraker and Dick caught him playing unfair, they were entitled to expose and defeat him. If there were any Senators from New York, he might similarly be opposed here; but Platt and Depew are evidently not worth, in the President's mind, even the tossing of a coin to decide appointments.

But the whole matter goes far beyond the mere question of Senatorial "courtesy," or even of technical compliance with the rules governing appointment to office. The gravest abuses of the spoils system have had to do with the use of the offices after they are filled. All civil-service reformers, Theodore Roosevelt at their head, have contended that Federal officials, no matter how they got their offices, should not be allowed to meddle with politics. The classic statement of this view was made in the executive order which President Hayes issued on June 22, 1877: "No officer should be required or permitted to take part in the management of political organizations, caucuses, or conventions, or election campaigns." Substantially the same order has been promulgated by President Roosevelt himself, and Federal officials in Philadelphia have been removed for disregarding it. But what do we see to-day? The whole Federal service is, as Senator Foraker expressed it, being "prostituted in order to carry out political bargains." In Ohio, and notoriously in New York, not

only are appointments made as a means of helping Taft and hurting Hughes, but Federal officials are taking an active part in political manipulation. For example, at the meeting in this city last Thursday night twenty out of the thirty-five district leaders of the Republican County Committee stood by President Herbert Parsons in opposing a vote of endorsement for Hughes. Seven of the twenty were Federal employees. This may not be as "naked" a proceeding as the effort of a spoilsman to "beat" the civil-service rules, but it is flatly in violation of the President's own orders, and is in clear opposition to the whole spirit of civil-service reform, to say nothing of political decency. In 1879, President Hayes suspended the collector and the naval officer of New York for having defied his executive order and having used the Custom House "to manage and control political affairs." "Their offices," said Hayes, "have been conducted as part of the political machinery under their control." Imagine President Roosevelt taking that stand to-day! It would break overnight President Parsons's control of the County Committee.

We are not blind to all that President Roosevelt has done to advance the cause of civil-service reform. Our praise of him on this score has been ungrudging, and we would not recall a word of it. The Civil Service Reform League has more than once complimented Mr. Roosevelt on his successive advance steps in purifying the public service. But here we come upon the old anomaly, or mystery, in Mr. Roosevelt's character. When he wants a thing, he goes straight for it, undeterred by any scruple or sense of awkwardness arising out of his former positions and utterances. Just now, he is bound to nominate Taft, and, as the political use of the offices seems a good road to that goal, why, he follows it without a moment's hesitation. This is one difference between Roosevelt and Bismarck. The latter scorned "principles"; they merely hindered you from doing what you desired. President Roosevelt delights in principles, only he does not let them hinder him. What he is doing now to rally Federal employees and set them to work like beavers for Taft is of the very essence of the spoils system. The fact that this is done by one of the most vociferous civil-service reformers going, is really too thin and ragged a cloak to cover the nakedness of the transaction.

HINDUS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Brief dispatches have been telling us of the disturbances in the Transvaal growing out of the presence of British Indians in that self-governing colony. We have read of Hindus being arrested and threatened with deportation. The agitation is both alarming and mounting; and has its echoes in England,

where the Imperial relations of the matter are doubtless more clearly perceived than in South Africa. In the Transvaal, this is not a question on which Boer and Briton take different sides. The colonists of British descent are as determined as the Dutch to make of the Transvaal "a white man's country." Hence we have the anomaly of men who, a few years ago, wanted to go to war with Kruger for his dislike of Uitlanders, themselves creating a class of Uitlanders whom they would expel from the land.

It is not a case of keeping out undesirable aliens. The Hindus are already there; and the question is of their treatment, not only as human beings, but as British subjects. The Imperial authorities have not challenged the right of self-governing colonies to pass exclusion acts. The attitude and legislation of Australia and Canada on that subject being what they are, the privilege of the Transvaal to decide what kind of immigration it would allow could not be denied. But it is a horse of another color when British Indians already settled in a self-governing colony are dealt with in a discriminating and unjust manner. It is estimated that there are some 10,000 Hindus in the Transvaal. That they are exceedingly industrious and inoffensive morally is conceded. But they are very keen traders, and 5,000 of them have from the government a license to trade. The main objection to their presence comes from those, both Dutch and British, who allege that they cannot endure Hindu competition in the small trades. Gunga Din is proving too much for slippery Joe from Brummagem, or "slim" Piet of the veldt!

The present and particular grievance of the Indian residents of the Transvaal is a law compelling them to take out fresh registration papers. They had all been registered once. This was done, on the advice of Lord Milner, before self-government was granted to the Transvaal; and the Hindus were assured by him at the time that "that registration would be final." But the colonial government has passed an act compelling re-registration, and that under humiliating conditions. In taking out new certificates, the Hindus must submit to the tests used for criminals, including finger-marks. The aim may have been partly sincere, to prevent false permits, and to detect fraudulent registration; but a secondary object was undoubtedly to infuriate or intimidate the Indians. This was practically admitted by the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Smuts, who said in his speech at Pretoria the other day that since the passage of the act at least 5,000 Asiatics had left the colony in a fright. On the other hand, many of the more self-respecting Hindus have refused to register, asserting that the law was both degrading to them and in derogation of

their established rights as British subjects. Certainly, there could be no more direct way of affixing to them what Mr. Morley has called "the bar sinister of inferiority."

To have this difficulty arise at the very moment when the troubles in India are themselves so serious is highly embarrassing for the English government; for the news from the Transvaal cannot fail to make the educated natives in the Punjab more doubtful of British fair play for their race. And the agitation has come to give a sardonic turn to previous pledges and boasts of British statesmen. At the Colonial Conference of 1897, Mr. Chamberlain, then Colonial Secretary, declined to enter into schemes for the restriction of emigration, on the specific ground that outrages might be inflicted upon the 300,000,000 of British subjects in India. They were, he said, "as loyal to the Crown as you are yourselves"; and he, for his part, could not consent to anything which would put "a slight" upon men who had "brought whole armies and placed them at the service of the Queen." This latter tribute might be made stronger to-day. Natal was saved by troops from India; Indian soldiers marched to the relief of the British legation at Peking; the Sikhs averted disaster at Suakim. And what rubs salt into the wounds of British Imperialists to-day is the fact that one of their grievances against the rule of the Dutch in the Transvaal was the treatment of Hindus. Thus Lord Lansdowne said in 1899:

A considerable number of the Queen's Indian subjects are to be found in the Transvaal, and among the many misdeeds of the South African Republic I do not know that any fills me with more indignation than its treatment of those Indians. And the harm is not confined to the sufferers on the spot; for what do you imagine would be the effect produced in India when these poor people return to their country to report to their friends that the Government of the Queen-Empress, so mighty and irresistible in India, with its population of 300,000,000, is powerless to secure redress at the hands of a small South African State?

The effect can scarcely be less to-day, one would think, when hardships at least as great as those of the days of Kruger are suffered by the King's Indian subjects in a colony owning allegiance to the Emperor of India.

With these mortifying inconsistencies, Imperialism is all the while being brought up short. It professes to be going forward to bless the world with a policy of all-embracing justice. Freedom and self-government it cannot promise, but fair and equal treatment it does. Yet it finds that the ugly prejudice of race and color is ever and again nullifying its fine words. There is no magic in the word Imperial to make men abandon greed and deal with a fellow-being as an equal before the law

and in the sight of God. And whether we call ourselves Imperialist or parochial, there is not much for it but to get it into our heads and our hearts that it is infinitely mean to despise a man, and refuse to give him a fair chance, merely because he is poor or black.

THE WORK OF THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION.

The second annual report of President Henry S. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching discusses many topics of general interest, such as "The Evolution of the American Type of University" and "The Relation of Efficiency to Cost in Colleges and Universities." Nothing, however, is more significant than those passages which tell—sometimes indirectly—the effect which the Carnegie Foundation has already begun to exert upon higher education in this country. In two ways the pressure of this vast fund is producing beneficial results: in raising standards of scholarship and in freeing colleges from sectarian ties.

The Foundation refuses retiring allowances to professors in institutions which do not require for admission a preparation represented by fourteen "units" of study. There, are, especially in the South and West, many schools, called colleges or universities, whose standards are deplorably low. This shortcoming may be ascribed to a variety of causes: the school's of the community often cannot afford an adequate preparation, and the colleges have to take such students as they can get. But frequently there has been a competition for numbers, especially between colleges of rival religious denominations;

and in this struggle one easy way to win is to put down the entrance requirements. But the Carnegie Foundation proposes that such competition shall at least not be destructive; that a college shall not consider its fortunes "as a matter unconnected with the general system of education and without relation to the interests of the whole body of American students." For example, Dickinson College has within the year been put upon the list of accepted institutions. Its requirements for admission "were slightly below fourteen units"; but "these deficiencies were promptly removed by the action of the faculty." Bates College also "readily agreed" to raise its requirements. Washington and Lee has been making a "series of advances covering several years," and by 1909 it "will require the full fourteen units." The Foundation, we may note, does not specify any particular studies, or lay upon the colleges a cast-iron regimen. There may be as wide variation as ever between institutions and between individuals in the same institution. The only point on which the Foun-

dation insists is that a college shall not be a mere high school.

The questions as to sectarian control have been more difficult to handle because the ties between colleges and sects are so various. The commonest form seems to be a charter provision that the trustees, or a fixed proportion of them, shall belong to a certain sect or to a group of sects—say, the Evangelical. In some cases the trustees may belong to any, or no, denomination, but the choice of trustees rests with a sectarian body. For example, the trustees of Georgetown College, Georgetown, Ky., are elected by members of the Baptist Education Society of Kentucky; and one-fourth of the trustees of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., are elected by Methodist conferences in New York and New England. Institutions subject to such sectarian control, direct or indirect, are not admitted to the benefits of the Foundation. And rightly, we believe; for though the college may be liberal in temper, yet so long as it maintains a legal connection with a denomination for the sake of securing financial aid or more students, it is in so far forth sectarian. It cannot eat its cake and have it too. On the other hand, there are colleges—like Princeton and Yale—whose relationship with a sect "is one of tradition and sympathy, and the Foundation is not concerned with the fact that a given college was founded under the auspices of a religious organization, or that it retains to-day a sympathetic relation with it." To avoid misunderstandings, however, the Foundation asks that when these colleges are entered in church year-books, they appear in a list apart from the "official" under the following heading:

The following institutions are not connected with the — church by any legal ties, nor are they subject to its control. Their history, however, and associations with the life and work of the church are such as to justify our earnest co-operation with them.

The effects of this policy are already visible. Presidents of colleges and universities and editors of year-books have "willingly cooperated in this change." Thus Dickinson College has been removed from the "official list" of educational institutions of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and Randolph-Macon Woman's College, though founded under Methodist auspices, has in a similar way defined its independence. Bates College, Lewiston, Me., had been controlled by the Free Baptists, but in 1905 the Legislature restored the college "to its original undenominational status."

This movement toward unsectarianism we cannot but regard as wholesome. Without in the least undervaluing the services to education of the sects which have founded and maintained schools and colleges, we are convinced that a

college is hampered by any form of sectarian control. Whenever scientific investigation and the tenets of the denomination come into conflict, the latter are too likely to prevail, or at least to restrain the scientists; among teachers and officers loyalty to the denomination may count for as much as professional skill. On this point President Pritchett's report throws interesting light. He notes that it is doubtful "whether those whose primary object is to save men's souls are the best qualified for training their minds." He has asked for "the opinion of those in charge as to the effect of denominational connections in the conduct of the organization"; and "almost without exception the conviction has been expressed" that such connection "is not a help in the organization of a college, and that denominational control is nearly always a source of organic weakness." The grounds upon which such connections and control are defended are:

First, a belief that such institutions are more likely to be conducted by strictly religious men than other colleges; second, the financial assistance obtained from the denomination; third, and perhaps most influential of all, a desire for a constituency to which to appeal for students.

We hope, however, that with the make-weight of the Carnegie Fund thrown into the balance, our colleges will be more and more constrained to rely on intellectual rather than religious resources to attract students; in short, that they will pursue more strictly their aims as institutions of higher learning.

SCIENCE AND POETRY.

The late French astronomer, M. Janssen, was not only a great scientist, but a writer of no little distinction. He kept his mind open to literature as few men are able to do whose lives are devoted to absorbing technical work; and the union of science and love of letters, which he illustrated in his own person, was a theme on which he often dwelt. In particular, he resented the common assertion that the spirit of science is hostile to the spirit of poetry. The Paris *Figaro* recently printed a posthumous article from his pen, sustaining the thesis that science and poetry represent "the two greatest manifestations of the human spirit," and arguing that the time is now ripe for their "beautiful and fruitful" alliance. As an example of what M. Janssen conceived to be the strong appeal of scientific truth to the imagination, he gave an account of an experience of his own with Gounod. That great musician might certainly be cited as a man of the poetic temperament. He sought out Janssen to ask for a few lessons in the higher astronomy. One day, the discourse fell on Kepler's laws, and as Gounod grasped their theory, he was so much moved that he

exclaimed: "How beautiful!" and burst into tears.

Such personal incidents, however, scarcely go to the root of the difficulty. Great natures and great poets, from Lucretius down, have been profoundly impressed by scientific discoveries and speculations regarding the universe and the soul of man. But that fact does not meet the real charge that science is hostile to poetry. It is not that scientific conceptions, such as the reign of the iron laws of nature, and the struggle for existence, are in themselves recalcitrant to poetic treatment. They may be found underlying many great poems. But it is the peculiarly scientific attitude that eats into the heart of the poet and extinguishes his enthusiasm. To the poet nature and law must be seen through the medium of human hopes and fears, they must be transmuted into emotion and personal equivalents; whereas true science begins just when these media of ideas have been laid aside. The instance of Tennyson is frequently adduced to the contrary, and indeed no poet appears to have followed more closely the scientific movements of his age. But it is also true that when consciously he writes as the interpreter of science he ceases to be a poet. Who does not recall the jargon of "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After":

Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good,
And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud.
So far as science wrote itself in Tennyson's verse, the result fell far short of M. Janssen's dream of a poetry transfigured and made at once more vital and more beautiful by blending with the scientific spirit. Janssen could cry out, in one of his lectures on the chemistry of the heavens, "Oh, star, send me one of thy rays, and I will write thy history!" But in his observatory, as a man of science, he must have thought more of the mechanism of the telescope than of any personal appeal to the heavens. He may have been poet and scientist, but scarcely both at the same time.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that men will be ever seeking the human interpretation of life, and the imaginative presentation of truth. Indeed, it is the function of poetry so to make life and truth vividly apprehended. Hence, as the domain of science is extended, the demand will be heightened for poets who can reconquer it for the imagination. This is the feeling which underlies Clough's "Come, Poet, Come!" To teach emotionally what others attain by self-denying labor is the way to "make their meaning clear in verse." If science is to win its way to the inner soul of mankind, it will need a poetry suffused with its spirit, but capable still of making its message personal. It is doubtless true that if a poet shall ever arise who is imbued with the methods and the results of science, he will be compelled to depart from some of

the older conventions. He will surely have fewer hymns to write to the individual, and more to the commonality; will summon to a combat which is the sterner for the immutable laws of nature. But he will never cease to weave into his verse those human feelings and those deep-seated virtues which, though beyond the reach of chemic test, are still among the most indubitable affirmations of science:

To defy power which seems omnipotent;
To love and bear; to hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent.

PATRIOTIC SONGS AND THEIR MAKING.

The death last week of James Ryder Randall, author of "Maryland, My Maryland," has called attention to the paradox that the Southern Confederacy should have derived so much lyric enthusiasm from an appeal to a State which did not secede, after all. That fact should have been a reason for taking its sentiment a trifle less seriously; yet it had no such effect. The song was ringing, manifestly sincere, and it was adapted to a German tune that is one of the best in the world. Nothing more was needed, and Southern sympathizers went on singing with tears in their eyes:

She'll come, she'll come,
Maryland, my Maryland,

long after it had become clear that Maryland was not coming.

Yet this is neither more nor less absurd—if it be at bottom absurd at all—than the contradictions to be found in the history of most patriotic songs. Every one knows that the melody of the "Star-Spangled Banner" belonged to an old English drinking song:

To Anacreon in Heaven, where he sat in full glee,
A few sons of Harmony sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and patron would be, etc.
But the words of the "Star-Spangled Banner," stirring as they are, can be contrasted rather ludicrously with the events they commemorate. No doubt the stanzas written by a prisoner of war, who was actually straining his eyes through the night to see if the flag were still flying, had an almost ideally inspiring origin. But, as the editor of *Scribner's* recently pointed out, the song is supposed to commemorate about the most inglorious campaign in which American arms were ever engaged. Only a little while before the song was written the Free and the Brave had run away from Washington, leaving it for the President's wife to save even the White House portraits, and letting the Hiresing and Slave burn down the Capitol.

There is no need for more than a reminder that "Dixie" was written by the comedian of a Northern minstrel show—"Dixieland" itself, according to some authorities, being named after a

slaveholder here on Manhattan Island; that "Yankee Doodle" is "Lydia Fisher's Jig" of the time of Charles II.; and that some historical muckrakers have satisfied themselves of the German origin of the Marseillaise, and of the French origin of certain German national songs. On the other hand, few songs of unimpeachable origin and strictly logical sentiment ever find their way into the same vogue. Several times in this epoch of magazines, some large-minded editor has commissioned a leading poet and a leading composer to collaborate in filling a long-felt want with a patriotic song that should be purely and everlasting American. Some years ago one of the State branches of the Society of the Cincinnati received, in response to a request, 517 new airs for "My Country 'tis of Thee." We confess complete ignorance as to the result of any of these praiseworthy efforts. "Cursed is the war no poet sings." Nevertheless, if history be any guide, the poet who desires to sing a war will improve his chances of immortality by expatriating himself and singing some other country's war, or at least borrowing the tune from his country's foeman, or picking out some episode in which his country had distinctly the worst of it.

This is a condition which may be deplored, yet cannot apparently be changed. It offers a singular contrast to the business-like methods of modern war. The fact is eternally impressed upon us that preparations for even the most remote conflict cannot begin too soon, that it is the best organized commissariat which really wins the battles, that patriotism is of no use unless Congress votes some scores of millions to equip it. The day is past when peasants can pick up flails and scythes and rush out to defend their homes from the invaders; or when the minute man can be called from the field, reach behind the door for his musket, and hurry off to fight. Yet even now, after the arsenals and the shipyards have done their part, something is still requisite for a successful war. Congress has neglected to provide the songs for the men! On this one point warfare remains impromptu. Some poet wakes up in the middle of the night and tumbles out of bed with a song, as Randall did to write "Maryland, My Maryland." Or if the poet is a sluggard, the soldiers levy on civilians just as they do for provisions. In the Civil War they found a Methodist camp-meeting tune and extemporized the words of "John Brown's Body," which are not without a sort of rude dignity. In the Spanish war they found a "coon song," "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," and did not even try to put it under military discipline. It is said that newspaper readers on the continent of Europe were perplexed when they read in 1898 of victories celebrated by the singing of "Il

tera très chaud dans la ville ce soir." But their perplexity was both in degree and in kind like that of the American who read in the accounts of the last Thibetan expedition about the firing of "Jingals from a Jong." Americans and Tibetans alike, caught unprepared, had seized the best makeshift they could, the one a piece of music, the other a piece of ordnance.

KIPLING AS A POET.*

The issue of a collective edition of Kipling's verse comes opportunely with the award to him of the Nobel prize for idealism in literature. Though the committee must have reckoned into the account all his writing, his poetry is presumably the chief item; and here we have it in convenient form for reading, comparison, and criticism. The volume containing the matter in "Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads" (with additional poems), 1893; "The Seven Seas," 1896; and "The Five Nations," 1903. Mr. Kipling has not reprinted the bits of verse scattered through his stories, and he has omitted a considerable number of the pieces in "Departmental Ditties, Barrack-Room Ballads, and Other Verses," widely circulated in this country in 1890. Most of these early "Barrack-Room Ballads" have been saved; none of the "Departmental Ditties," and but few of the "Other Verses." Mr. Kipling's willingness to let the "Departmental Ditties" die is easy to understand: while they are always smart and sometimes clever, they are, without exception, immature and trivial. Yet they throw no little light on his development. Most of the "Other Verses" equally merit oblivion; and yet we must regard "The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House," "The Grave of the Hundred Head," and "The Galley Slave" as worthy of place with much of his later production.

I

In this 'prentice work which he has consigned to oblivion, he tries his hand, as is wholesome and proper in an aspiring poet, at various metres—bits reminiscent of W. S. Gilbert, Bret Harte, FitzGerald, Will Carleton, and C. S. Calverley. But Kipling's versification has received its deepest impress from that great master of sheer verbal melody, Swinburne. This is the craftsman whose elaborate alliterations and assonances, as well as sentiment, the younger author has studied most assiduously.

This is not to say, of course, that Kipling is a mere echo. One of the qualities, indeed, which brought him such instant popularity was a certain originality both of manner and matter—an originality which seems greater perhaps than it really is, because the effect of all that Mr. Kipling says, either in prose or verse, is heightened by an extraordinary terseness and vigor of phrase. This power of swift and vivid expression appears in his earliest writings. He was only twenty-five when in "The Ballad of the King's Jest" he gave that dazzling description which was thought to offer rich promise of future performance:

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,
A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.

*Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,
And tent-peg answered to hammer-nose;
And the picketed ponies, shag and wild,
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled;
And the bubbling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;
And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale;
And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food;
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Junrood;
And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk
A savour of camels and carpets and musk,
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.

In this kind of composition we must admit, however, that his latest volume shows little or no advance. The execution is as brilliant as ever; but custom has staled us and we are no longer astonished. A fair parallel is with the first four stanzas of "Bridge-Guard in the Karroo," dated 1901:

Sudden the desert changes,
The raw glare softens and clings,
Till the aching Oudtshoorn ranges
Stand up like the thrones of kings—
Ramparts of slaughter and peril—
Blazing, sprawling, aglow—
Twixt the sky-line's belting beryl
And the wine-dark flats below.
Royal the pageant closes,
Lit by the last of the sun—
Opal and ash-of-roses,
Cinnamon, umber, and dun.
The twilight swallows the thicket,
The starlight reveals the ridge;
The whistle shrills to the picket—
We are changing guard on the bridge.

In fine, as one reads through this collection just issued, one is forced to the conclusion that though in the fourteen years from 1893 to 1903 Kipling has extended somewhat the range of his rhythms and metres, and has become more fluent, dexterous, and practised, yet in what is for most poets the critical age, his development in the art of versification has been surprisingly slight.

II

This, his admirers will reply, is only another way of pointing out a precocity that fitted him at twenty-five with a technique which most poets would be glad to have acquired at forty. Almost from the beginning he had perfect command of the means of expression. The important question then relates to his development as a thinker; for verse without thought is, after all, as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. What then are the great and inspiring ideas to which Mr. Kipling's almost miraculous gift of tongues has given currency? In answering this question, we think it fair to turn for a moment to some of the "Departmental Ditties" which he has disowned. His dissatisfaction with these children of his brain must be due to their shallow conception quite as much as to their feeble execution. Like some of the "Plain Tales," they are very cheaply cynical. The prevalent mood is of tolerance if not admiration, of sheer unscrupulous smartness. There was Sleary, with his simulated fits; and the young man who caught "the spouse of Sir Julian Vouse" in an indiscretion, held his tongue, and received promotion. In these vivacious skits in verse moralizing would be wholly out of place; we do not ask for it. Our complaint is that their defect is the same as that of the Restoration comedy: the author seems to regard all sorts of malicious trickery and even adultery as merely, or

at least chiefly, funny. Many of these pieces strike one as the utterance of an astoundingly clever man who, if he has a conscience, at any rate lacks a delicate sense of propriety and honor. This flaw does not, we may note, mar the light verse of, say, Thackeray or Dobson. Yet in fairness to Mr. Kipling, we must say that among these poems that paint a world of sharpers, debauchees, and their paramours, is one that strikes a graver note. At the end of a modern version of the story of David and Uriah comes the stanza:

And, when the Last Great Bugle Call
Adown the Hurnal throbs,
When the last grim joke is entered
In the big black book of Jobs.
And Quetta graveyards give again
Their victims to the air,
I shouldn't like to be the man
Who sent Jack Barrett there.

Though Mr. Kipling has long since outgrown that mood of boyish and irresponsible cynicism, he has too often, even in his later writings, preserved his old attitude as worshipper of mere mental dexterity or physical prowess. These are splendid qualities; but they are not, as Mr. Kipling sometimes seems to imagine, the most divine attributes of humanity. We have no quarrel with his "first-class fighting man," but even that resourceful creature is not the intellectual and moral flower of our race. We may pass over with few words his multitude of smaller heroes, with their strong right arms and their indomitable pluck in hewing paths through the wilderness and ploughing the pathless sea—for the glory of Britain. All these minor pioneers and patriots are swallowed up in Cecil Rhodes, who united the mind and energy of a superman with the conscience of a buccaneer. It is profoundly significant of Mr. Kipling's spiritual limitations that he seems to regard Mr. Rhodes's character as wholly admirable. Here are two of the stanzas on the death of that exploiter of South Africa:

Dreamer devout, by vision led
Beyond our guess or reach,
The travail of his spirit bred
Cities in place of speech.
So huge the all-mastering thought that drove—
So brief the term allowed—
Nations, not words, he linked to prove
His faith before the crowd.

There, till the vision be foresaw
Splendid and whole arise,
And unimagined Empires draw
To council 'neath the skies.
The immense and brooding Spirit still
Shall quicken and control.
Living he was the land, and dead,
His soul shall be her soul.

This, though noble in style, is morally of a piece with his thin jingo rhymes and his strident patriotism. As a rule he fails to look beyond the immediate demands of Imperial policy and the views of Kitchener and his fellows of blood and iron. Their aims and their will Mr. Kipling accepts as the tables from Sinai. He seems scarcely to conceive of a higher mission than to "Take up the white man's burden," that is, subdue the earth in the name of our Blessed Saviour, the Anglo-Saxon. Naturally, the Boer war inspired some of the most frantic of his lyric outbursts, yet there were moments when the fife and drum did not drown all other sounds. There was the lucid interval of the "Hymn before Action" and the

"Recessional," so different in tone from his shrill glorification of brute force and British power.

III.

But despite these exceptions and deductions there remains much that is impressive in Mr. Kipling's output. His descriptions, as we have already said, are extraordinarily swift and vivid. It would be easy to quote pages of brilliant writing in this kind. Moreover, he has carried into verse the narrative skill of which he has given such notable exhibitions in prose. We need but mention "The Ballad of East and West," "The Ballad of the King's Jest," "The Ballad of the King's Mercy," "The Last Suttee," and "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers." Then, too, among his contemporaries he is eminently the poet of Nature in her more tremendous aspects. In his feeling for the sea he stands almost with Swinburne; in his feeling for the mountains, he is among living Englishmen, alone. His marines, if we may use that term, rank among his finest pieces. No man can sail up the English Channel, for example, without acknowledging the exquisite aptness of "The Coastwise Lights":

Our brows are bound with spindrift and the weed
Is on our knees;
Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging,
Smoking seas.
From reef and rock and skerry—over headland,
ness, and vœ—
The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships
of England go!

Through the endless summer evenings, on the line-
less, level floors;
Through the yelling Channel Tempest when the
siren hoots and roars—
By day the dipping house-flag and by night the
rocket's trail—
As the sheep that graze behind us so we know
them where they hall.

We bridge across the dark, and bid the helmsman
have a care.
The flash that wheeling inland wakes his sleeping
wife to prayer;
From our vexed cryes, head to gale, we bind in
burning chains
The lover from the sea-rim drawn—his love in
English lanes.

Mr. Kipling is also peculiarly felicitous in his interpretation of what we may call the life of the inanimate. He tells us the things a ship would say if it suddenly found itself with a mind and tongue. In this direction he has exercised his imagination abundantly. We have just quoted an utterance of the Coastwise Lights; in similar vein are "The Deep-Sea Cables," "The Merchantmen," and "The Bell Buoy." We might also cite "The Song of the Banjo"; but a more notable poem is "The Derelict." It shows, perhaps, a more refined and delicate perception than most of Kipling's verses; and refinement and delicacy are all too rare in Kipling:

I was the staunchest of our fleet
Till the sea rose beneath our feet
Unheralded, in hatred past all measure.
Into his grip he stamped my crew,
Buffeted, blinded, bound and threw,
Bidding me eyeless wait upon his pleasure.

For life that crammed me full,
Gangs of the prying gull
That shriek and scabble on the riven hatches!
For roar that dumbed the gale,
My haws-pipes' guttering wail,
Sobbing my heart out through the uncounted
watches!

Blind in the hot blue ring
Through all my points I swing—

Swing and return to shift the sun anew.
Bind in my well-known sky
I hear the stars go by,
Mocking the prow that cannot hold one true!

I that was clean to run
My race against the sun—
Strength on the deep—am bawd to all disaster;
Whipped forth by night to meet
My sister's careless feet,
And with a kiss betray her to my master!

From the inanimate dumb to the animate but still dumb is an easy step; and for this kind of interpretation, too, Kipling has extraordinary aptitude. We need not quarrel with his animals because they are merely human beings in strange guise. That convention we may accept without difficulty in reading the songs scattered through the two "Jungle Books." The "Seal Lullaby," for instance, is not less graceful and tunable because the mother who sings it is really human:

Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us.
And black are the waters that sparkled so green.
The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to
find us

At rest in the hollows that rustle between.
Where billow meets billow, there soft be thy
pillow;

Ah, weary we flipperling, curl at thy ease!
The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake
thee,
Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas.

And the next step up the ladder takes Kipling to the region where he seems most at home—the heart of men of primitive instincts and desires. He delights to tell us how people felt in the Neolithic age; he speaks with the tongue of rough sailors, impelled by an overwhelming *Wanderlust* to the remotest corners of earth, the men who "cannot use me bed too long"; and, above all, he is the mouthpiece of the British common soldier. Nearly a third of the present volume, for example, is made up of "Barrack-Room Ballads"; while many of the other poems are presented as the utterance of men of the same type. His success in this delineation is indisputable. Sir Anthony Giseler in "The Mary Gloster," repellent though he may be, is firmly drawn and veritable; and so is Mulholland of "Mulholland's Contract"; so, too, are the seven daredevils who "took the Bolivar out across the bay." But Thomas Atkins is Kipling's masterpiece. Here again we must accept the convention of what Ruskin would call the pathetic fallacy. Just as Kipling animates his ships, his sea-cables, and his buoys, and elevates his beasts to the level of human beings, so he endows his primitive men with the feeling of the poet and lover of nature. He ascribes to them the sentiments that perhaps might, but in fact seldom do, move them. Thus he translates vague uneasiness into clearly defined and articulated regret, as in "Mandalay"; half-understood dissatisfaction with the quiet life of peace at home into a clear and unmistakable longing for adventure, as in "Sextine of the Tramp-Royal" and "For to Admire." But, granted the legitimacy of this clarifying and heightening of emotion for rhetorical effect, Kipling is unmatched. Of all his verse, nothing has seized the popular fancy more than "Danny Deever," "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," "Gunga Din," and "Mandalay," all of them early productions. His later service songs have seemed as a whole less fresh and spontaneous. But at least two of them have

received less attention than they deserve. The first is the "Chant-Pagan" (the lament of an English irregular, discharged), from which we quote a single stanza, showing this very vision of the sophisticated poet, to which we have just referred:

Me that 'ave rode through the dark
Forty mile, often, on end,
Along the Ma'ollisberg Range,
With only the stars for my mark
An' only the night for my friend,
An' things runnin' off as you pass,
An' things jumpin' up in the grass,
An' the silence, the shine an' the size
Of the 'igh unexpressable skies—
I am takin' some letters 'almost
As much as a mile, to the post,
An' "mind you come back with the change!"
Me!

The second is the marching song, "Boots," which, men of experience say, suggests more forcibly than any other verses in our language the fatigue bordering on delirium produced by long-forced marches:

We're foot-slog-slog-slog-sloggin' over Africa!
Foot-foot-foot-foot-sloggin' over Africa—
(Boots-boots-boots-boots-movin' up and down
again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

Seven-six-eleven-five-nine-an'-twenty mile to
day—
Four-eleven-seventeen-thirty-two the day be-
fore—
(Boots-boots-boots-boots-movin' up and down
again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

Try—try—try—try—to think o' something different—
Oh—my—God—keep me from goin' lunatic!
Boots-boots-boots-boots-movin' up and down
again,

There's no discharge in the war!

We-can—stick-out—'unger, thirst, an' weariness,
But—not—not—not the chronic sight of 'em—
Boots-boots-boots-boots-movin' up and down
again!

An' there's no discharge in the war!

I—ave—marched—six—weeks in 'Ell an' certify
It—is—not—fire—devils—dark or anything
But boots-boots-boots-boots movin' up an' down
again,

An' there's no discharge in the war.

IV.

But if Kipling's fame rests chiefly on his celebration of the British flag and the British soldier, we must also add that he presents two or three general ideas. In his vigor, his youth, and his enormous popularity he is often likened to Byron. The similarity, however, is superficial. Byron died at thirty-six, but he left a mass of verse that shows far wider intellectual range than all of Kipling's writing, verse and prose, put together. Kipling has given us nothing large and sustained, nothing that exhibits high skill in architectonics. From Byron we have, in addition to his numerous miscellaneous poems, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," eight or nine tales, like "The Giaour" and "The Corsair," eight dramas, and "Don Juan"—all of them informed with ideas; all of them, to use Matthew Arnold's phrase, a criticism of life. To compare Kipling's product with this is impossible. For besides Kipling's proclamation of the duty of conquering savage wilds and spreading Anglo-Saxon civilization, and his exposition of the heart of the unlettered soldier and sailor, his chief contribution to our stock of ideas is his theory of art; to wit, that steam and electricity cannot kill romance. On this theme he offers several variants, the best

of which is "McAndrew's Hymn" in the passage beginning:

Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the
Song o' Steam!
To match w/ Scotland's noblest speech yon orchestra
sublime—

Besides this there is little beyond what we have already noted in passing. Indeed, he has never, in the best of his later verse, written anything more thoughtful than the few lines which serve as a motto for "To Be Filed for Reference" in "Plain Tales from the Hills":

By the hoof of the Wild Goat up-tossed
From the Cliff where She lay in the Sun,
Fell the Stone

To the Tarn where the daylight is lost;
So She fell from the light of the Sun,
And alone.

Now the fall was ordained from the first,
With the Goat and the Cliff and the Tarn,
But the Stone

Knows only Her life is accursed,
As she sinks in the depths of the Tarn,
And alone.

Oh, Thou who hast builded the world!
Oh, Thou who hast lighted the Sun!
Oh, Thou who hast darkened the Tarn!

Judge Thou

The sin of the Stone that was hurled
By the Goat from the light of the Sun,
As She sinks in the mire of the Tarn,
Even now—even now—even now!

This is a noble beginning for a poet who would discourse of human life with high seriousness. It would be easy to argue that since he penned those penetrating lines, Kipling's vision has been dimmed and narrowed, his utterance choked, by his furious zeal for the British flag and his microscopic study of the British soldier. On the other hand, we may doubt whether a man capable of seeing life steadily and seeing it whole would ever become the victim of such small prepossessions. But whatever the cause, the effect remains: we cannot yet rank Kipling with those poets who have won immortality by their "profound and beautiful application of ideas to life."

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Shakespeare Birthplace Museum has just acquired two additional quartos, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Robert's edition, 1600, and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," 1619. They are the Van Antwerp copies. In announcing this addition to the library, Sidney Lee says:

The two volumes long formed part of the famous Rowfant Library of Frederick Locker-Lampson. It will be remembered that in 1904 the whole of that splendid collection was, to the general regret, sold to a bookseller of New York, who subsequently disposed of the Shakespeareana to an American connoisseur. But the migration proved temporary. In the spring of last year the American collector resold most of the Locker-Lampson Shakespeareana in London.

Actually the first of the two, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" only, was from Locker-Lampson's library. The Rowfant copy of the second is still in New York. Of the seventeen Shakespeare items in the Van Antwerp sale, six only were from the Rowfant collection, and at least one of these, the first folio, is back again in America. Of the forty-nine Shakespeare items described in the two Rowfant catalogues, all but five are still in America, and are likely to remain here.

A new monthly magazine for book-lovers,

the *Bibliophile*, will begin publication in London next March. Among the contributors are to be George Wyndham, F. T. Bullen, Arthur Symons, Cyril Davenport, Sidney Lee, A. W. Pollard, and H. B. Wheatley.

On January 24 the Anderson Auction Company of this city will sell the autograph collection of the late William C. Hess, with additions from other sources. There are included a fine A. L. S. of John Adams, written when he was twenty-one; several letters of W. C. Bryant, one mentioning "Thanatopsis"; autograph verses and several letters of O. W. Holmes; A. L. S. of Gen. Jedediah Huntington, mentioning the battle of Bunker Hill; a fine A. L. S. of J. R. Lowell; and A. L. S. of George Cruikshank, Charles Dickens, Gen. Grant, Alexander Hamilton, Marquis de Lafayette, James Madison, and W. M. Thackeray.

On January 27 and 28 the Anderson Company will sell a collection of Americana, mainly formed by Miss Nellie Malcolm of London. A considerable part of the library relates to the American Indians, and contains such books as Adair's "History of the American Indians," 1775 (uncut); Colden's "Five Indian Nations of Canada," 1755; Samuel G. Drake's "Indian Biography," 1832; Livingston's "Review of the Military Operations in North America," 1758 (uncut); Hennepin's "New Discovery of a Vast Country in America," 1698; Hopkins's "Historical Memoirs Relating to the Housatunnock Indians," 1753; Long's "Voyage and Travels of an Indian Interpreter and Trader," 1791; McKenny and Hall's "Indian Tribes of North America," three vols., 1848-1854; Mackenzie's "Voyages from Montreal to the Frozen and Pacific Ocean," 1802; and a number of books by Schoolcraft, including the rare "Algic Researches," 1839.

On January 30 and 31 the same firm sells the library of George M. Williamson, one of the choicest collections offered for some time, and, so far, the most important sale of the season. The most notable single item is Washington's copy of "Don Quixote," four vols., with his autograph on the title page of each volume, and his book plate in vols. I, II, and IV. Williamson's library contained comparatively few books which could be classed as literature, and this is one of the most interesting. The set of first editions of Robert Louis Stevenson is, perhaps, the finest in the country. Primarily, it was formed by the late C. B. Foote, who secured several rare private issues. When Mr. Foote sold his library in 1894-1895, he retained Stevenson's books and added to them from time to time. After his death, the collection was acquired privately by Mr. Williamson, who was able to extend it by items from the A. J. Morgan collection, and a series of presentation copies from Stevenson to his old nurse, Alison Cunningham, the "Cunny" of the letters. In 1901, Mr. Williamson printed, at the Marion Press, an account of his Stevenson collection. Stevenson's first book, "The Pentland Rising," 1866, has laid-in a letter to Mr. Foote, in which the author writes: "I was just sixteen in November, 1866, and the 'Pentland Rising' in a green cover is my first work, printed by a fond parent." The two scientific pamphlets, "Notice of a New Form of Intermittent Light for Light-

houses," 1871, and "On the Thermal Influence of Forests," 1873, are both presentation copies, as are the "Charity Bazaar," 1868; "An Appeal to the Clergy of the Church of Scotland," 1875; "An Inland Voyage," 1878; "Travels with a Donkey," 1879; "New Arabian Nights," 1882; "A Child's Garden of Verse," 1885; and some later books. Almost all the privately printed books are in the list, including four plays: "Deacon Brodie," "Beau Austin," "Admiral Guinea," and "Macaire"; most, if not all, of the issues from the toy press at Davos Platz; the suppressed "Story of a Lie"; the curious "Object of Pity," printed at Sydney, N. S. W., by Lady Jersey; and issues for copyright of "The Silverado Squatters," "The Master of Ballantrae," "The South Seas," and "Weir of Hermiston." The Dickens collection is notable, including a fine copy of "Pickwick," with parts I. and II. in the earliest state, with the correct covers and variations of many of the parts; "Sketches by Boz," first octavo edition, in the original parts; "Oliver Twist," the first issue; and Dickens's own copy of "Doctor Marigold." Other English writers of whose books extended series of first editions are offered are Lewis Carroll, George Eliot, and the Brontë Sisters. Almost all the great American authors are represented, and a number of the series are long and important, especially the Whitman and the Hawthorne. Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Thoreau, Holmes, and Whittier are represented by some of their scarcest books. Many later authors, such as Howells, Burroughs, Eugene Field, D. G. Mitchell, and James Whitcomb Riley, also appear, in many cases by presentation or autograph copies.

On January 28 and 29 the Merwin Clayton Sales Co. of this city offers a collection including first editions of Aldrich, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau, and Whittier; books on the Revolution, Indians, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, etc.

Correspondence.

SOME LOST FAIRY TALES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Of the making of books there is no end indeed; and one can well imagine that a single volume of fairy tales would not be missed. Yet I have repeatedly, at the holiday season, mourned my inability to find "Rainbows for Children," published first I think in 1848, another edition being issued in 1875 by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. These stories were printed under the name of Lydia Maria Child, who, however, entirely disclaims their authorship in the little preface to both editions. The book was beautifully finished and well illustrated, and was the delight of my earliest years; then of my own boys and girls; and finally I sought it for a little grandson, but sought in vain.

A friend recently lent me a copy, and I was greatly pleased at the impression they made upon the lad of six to whom I read them. Their charming imagery causes the most delicate ethical suggestions, but never intrudes them; and yet I have not

known these to be lost upon a young reader. Would that some good publisher could offer these refined and satisfying stories to the present generation, surfeited by cheap "Teddy Bear" parodies—and weak nature studies.

S. M. H. G.

Andover, Mass., January 12.

A. C. BENSON'S LITERARY ACTIVITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a reference in the *Nation* of January 2 to our author, Mr. Arthur C. Benson, he is criticised for "bringing out four or five books a year." Such a statement does not do justice to the record of Mr. Benson's literary work. His first book was published anonymously some twenty years back, and since that date a number of further volumes have come from his pen which were, in like manner (with a few exceptions) published without the name of the author, or under a pseudonym. Two years ago appeared the "Upton Letters," and six months later "From a College Window." These also were originally issued under a pseudonym, but were within a few months of their publication acknowledged by the author. The books attracted widespread interest, and the author has been accepted as belonging to the group of leading English essayists. It is quite natural that the publishers of Mr. Benson's earlier books should take advantage of the repute that had been secured for his name through these later and more mature productions, and should bring again into print, connected with the author's name, all the books for which he was responsible. Some of these reprints contain attractive, and even delightful material, but it is not fair that, on the ground of the reissue by various publishers, in the course of one year, or of two years, of a group of these earlier books, the author should be charged with "bringing out four or five books a year."

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

New York, January 17.

A FRENCH SUMMER SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent appearance of the annual report of the Committee on Patronage of the University of Grenoble calls attention to an institution concerning which many of your readers may be glad to learn. For ten years public-spirited citizens of Grenoble have maintained courses of instruction in the French language and literature for foreigners during the months of July, August, September, and October. Excellent courses have been given by professors in the University of Grenoble and instructors in the lycées of Dauphiné; and the instruction has been adapted to all grades of learners. The tuition charges are nominal—eight dollars for the summer session, a fee which admits one to all lessons, lectures, conferences, social reunions, and excursions; and good board may be obtained in French families for \$30 a month and upwards. Grenoble is picturesquely situated in the heart of the French Alps, and is the starting point for numerous interesting mountain excursions, thus affording an opportunity for the combination of study and recreation. Many splendid mountain peaks are within walking distance of Gren-

oble, and the mountain roads in Dauphiné are among the best in Europe.

American teachers and students interested in the summer school at Grenoble may obtain full information by addressing M. Marcel Reymond, Président du Comité de Patronage des Étudiants Etrangers, Université de Grenoble, Grenoble, France.

WILL S. MONROE.

Westfield, Mass., January 13.

Notes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce for immediate publication "London Parks and Gardens," by the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil, with colored illustrations by Lady Victoria Manners; "Flower Grouping in English and Irish Gardens," with articles by the Hon. Emily Lawless, Rose Kingsley, and others, and with notes and sketches in color by Margaret Westerfield; and "Municipal Ownership," by Leonard Darwin.

The Macmillan Company has a number of notable books of verse on its spring list, including the new edition of Tennyson, a volume by Alfred Noyes, and new dramas by Stephen Phillips, W. B. Yeats, and Percy MacKaye, the last-named, however, being in prose.

On the spring list of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. we note a new book of essays by John Burroughs, entitled "Leaf and Tendril"; and a volume by Prof. Irving Babbitt of Harvard, on "Literature and the American College."

February 1, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. will bring out "Thomas Alva Edison, Sixty Years of an Inventor's Life," by Francis Arthur Jones; also three new volumes, "The Tempest," "Othello," and "The Winter's Tale," in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare.

Thomas D. Murphy has written a volume of travel called "British Highways and Byways from a Motor Car," which is so well provided with maps and comments on the roads as to make it practically a guide book for motoring in Great Britain. It will be published by L. C. Page & Co.

Under the title of "A Family Chronicle," John Murray is issuing a volume of reminiscences of Fanny Kemble, Bulwer Lytton, Lord Lynedoch, "Bobus" Smith, and other luminaries of the last century.

Darling & Peacock (32 Harrington Road, South Kensington) are preparing a privately printed book of letters called "Brougham and His Early Friends." The work, to occupy three volumes, is edited by R. H. M. B. Atkinson and G. A. Jackson.

Edmund G. Gardner is preparing an edition of "Dante's Lyrical Poems," which will construct a critical text of the fifteen *Cantos* and include a study of mystical and erotic poetry. It will be published by Constable & Co.

To the excellent Tudor & Stuart Library, published by Henry Frowde, are soon to be added Thomas Wilson's "Arte of Rhetorique" (1553) and George Turberville's "Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting" (1576).

William J. Locke has resigned his position as secretary of the Royal Institute of

British Architects, and is going to Africa in order to be free to complete the novel he has on hand. In the spring John Lane Company will issue a uniform edition of his works in ten volumes.

With the March number *Putnam's Monthly* will be combined with the *Reader*. The new magazine will carry the name of both periodicals, and will bear the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, and the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

Two reprints from the Clarendon Press are worthy of mention. One is the "Golden Treasury" now issued in the Oxford Edition, with the addition of a hundred poems from Americans and from writers who were living when Palgrave made his famous anthology. Browning has quite the lion's share in this supplement. Another reprint is of Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie" from the Olinney edition of 1595, with an introductory "Memoir of Sidney" and notes by Prof. Churton Collins. It is an excellent edition for school use.

A new book that every teacher of composition should masticate is "The Writing of English," by P. J. Hartog (Henry Frowde). Apparently, it has grown out of an able paper by the same hand, "The Teaching of Style in English and French Schools," which appeared six years ago in the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Hartog approaches his subject from the historical as well as the practical side, showing, after the fashion of Brunetière, that the French mastery of style is not fortuitous, but is the direct result of tangible efforts, and of methods in education that with little change might be introduced into the primary and secondary schools of England. His assumption that American schools are superior to English in the teaching of the mother tongue we are inclined to discount. Substituting the words "American boy" for "English boy" we may render Mr. Hartog thus: (1) The American boy cannot write English; (2) the American boy is not taught to write English; (3) the French boy can write French; (4) the French boy can write French because he is taught how to write. The optimist then gives (5) historical reasons for the foregoing facts, telling us (6) how the French boy is taught to write, and (7) how the American boy may be taught to write. The book is a distinct contribution to the history of style.

Thomas J. Wise, the English collector and bibliographer, has just printed privately, thirty copies only, a little volume of thirty-four letters of Robert Browning to various correspondents, including Professor Dowden, Robert Buchanan, John H. Ingram, and F. J. Furnivall. A facsimile of a letter to Christopher Dowson, about 1830, forms a frontispiece; it is supposed to be the earliest letter of Browning extant. A second volume is promised in about three months. Mr. Wise printed a similar series of two volumes in 1896.

The Lincoln Fellowship has printed privately one hundred copies of "Lincoln and the New York *Herald*," being facsimiles of two letters written by Lincoln in August, 1860, addressed to George Fogg, in reference to a statement made in the *Herald* that Lincoln feared being lynched if he visited Kentucky. The two letters now belong to Judd Stewart of Plainfield, N. J., who

writes the Introduction. With these two letters to Fogg are reprinted four letters to Samuel Haycraft, in one of which Lincoln jocosely wrote, in reply to an invitation to visit his birthplace: "But would it be safe? Would not the people lynch me?" This was probably the basis of the *Herald's* statement, and is referred to by Lincoln in his letters to the paper.

In various ways Montrose J. Moses has made himself an authority in juvenile literature, and his volume on "Children's Books and Reading" (Mitchell Kennerley) may be trusted as a safe guide in a problem that becomes yearly more difficult. He neglects neither the literary and purely imaginative appeal to the child's mind, nor the influence of all reading on character. Thus, after quoting the correspondence between Godwin and Charles Lamb in regard to certain brutalities to be expunged from Lamb's adaptation of the *Odyssey*, and alluding to Felix Adler's and W. D. Howells's oversensitive dread of any "relic of ancient animism," he adds, judiciously:

A mushroom growth of story-writers, those who "tame" our fairy tales, who dilute fancy with sentimentalism, and who retell badly what has been told surpassing well, threatens to choke the flower. It is not the beast man in classic literature we have to fear so much as the small man of letters, enthused ["an ill phrase, a vile phrase"] by the educational idea, who rewrites to order, and does not put into his text any of the invigorating spirit which marks all truly great literature.

Besides this discussion of the present problem, Mr. Moses treats the growth of children's books historically, and adds a useful bibliography. There must be room for legitimate difference of opinion in the details of such lists, and we take advantage of the omission of George Macdonald's "Ranald Bannerman" to call attention here to what we have always regarded as one of the best boys' books ever written.

Two pleasant books made up of old-time gossip and tradition, compiled by women having an eye for the picturesque, with numerous attractive pictures, are: "Little Pilgrimages Among Old New England Inns," by Mary Caroline Crawford (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.), and "Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border, Connecticut, Deerfield, Berkshire," by Katharine M. Abbott (G. P. Putnam's Sons). In all ages and countries a vast amount of human interest attaches to inns, centres of genial life that they always are; and probably "mine host" was never more in the foreground than in the early New England to which the first of these books relates. The readers of John Adams's Diary will recall as a charming and natural page the statesman's account of the journey of the Massachusetts delegates to Philadelphia, in 1774. At each stage we know not so well the name of the town as that of the cheerful landlord with whom they lodge. Starting at Coolidge's, in Watertown, they bring up in a few days at Isaac Bear's in New Haven, thence on to Curtiss's, Quintard's, Fitch's, Haviland's, Cook's, and Day's, until they reach Hull's, "The Bunch of Grapes," in New York. John Adams makes it plain the landlords were members of a jovial brotherhood, and this brotherhood it is which Miss Crawford treats with much painstaking, as they stand under their quaint signs, behind them the tavern in which the dinner

steams, plentiful entertainment for man and beast. Of the inns described, some have historic associations, like the Wolfe Tavern at Newburyport, the Wright tavern at Concord; the "Hancock" and "Green Dragon" in Boston. The "Wayside Inn" at Sudbury takes hold of literature, and many another touches men and events in a way worth remembering. All of which Miss Crawford puts down with good taste and diligence. The purpose of Katharine Abbott's book is not historical, certainly not critical. With a woman's sensitiveness to landscape beauty, she describes the fair hills, meadows, and rivers of western Connecticut and Massachusetts, assigning to the spots she touches the fact or fiction which links it especially with the life of the past. The first consideration with her is not that the legend must be true, but that it must be picturesque. With this no one will quarrel. It is pleasant to have the story of the angel at Hadley, the appearance of the regicide Goffe at the Indian attack, again brought up, though George Sheldon has exploded it. Miss Abbott is anxious to relate, not what actually occurred, but what the country-folk have believed or fancied as occurring; and in pursuing this end she pours out a lavish store of things amusing, pathetic, often in a high degree romantic, the selection showing a good appreciation of what takes hold of the heart of the world. The many photographs make very real the beauty of the localities with which the book is concerned.

The "Life and Correspondence of James McHenry," edited by Bernard Steiner (Cleveland: The Burrows Bros. Co.), promised much because of the man's relations with prominent characters in the Revolution and first years of the republic. James McHenry was trained to be a physician, served in Washington's military family, where he was an industrious and capable secretary, and, attaining some prominence in his State, was chosen a delegate to the Federal Convention of 1787—the privilege of his life, as he expressed it. The editor maintains that "several portions of the Constitution owe their present form to McHenry's efforts," a claim which it would be difficult to establish. In those appointments McHenry was respectable, but showed no special talents. He is chiefly interesting for his circle of correspondents, among whom may be noted Washington, Hamilton, Lafayette, Hugh Williamson, Pickering, Tallmadge, and Van Murray—the last writing at portentous length on European affairs. Many of the notes from Washington are personal, not historical, and are too trivial to warrant publication. The two compositions from Eleanor Parke-Custis are of greater interest, though it may be doubted if she was responsible for the language. There are few of McHenry's own letters, and those few do not prove ability to judge of other men. He was a Federalist, and could see in Gallatin only a political adventurer. Naturally he felt keenly his dismissal by Adams, but it was unnecessary to print so much of his outpourings against the President. The editor is at times indiscreet in his notes, some of which are uncritical and some spiteful. By far the most valuable material in the volume is the letters and drafts of State papers by Alexander Hamilton. They fully bear out the fact of his dominating influ-

ence over McHenry while in the cabinets of Washington and Adams, and once more give evidence of his mastery of the foreign relations of the country in their political aspect. This influence, beginning when he and McHenry were Washington's aides, is all the more suggestive, as it was Hamilton who named McHenry for the War Department. He then expressed his opinion that McHenry "would give no strength to the Administration, but would not disgrace the office. His views are good." In less than three years this somewhat colorless endorsement was changed to a charge of insufficiency. This was not due to jealousy, but to a realization that in McHenry's hands the department would make no progress—which was only the truth. The burden thrown upon him by the difficulties with France was too great for him. One-half of this portly volume of 600 closely printed pages is given to his service as War Secretary, and may thus be regarded as a defence of his administration. There is nothing to alter the accepted belief that McHenry was not a large enough man for the emergency, and much to confirm it. To devote so much space to a fruitless and very dry restatement of controversies, important, perhaps, in their day, but no longer of vital interest, is unfortunate. A volume of one-half the size, comprising McHenry's own letters and a selection of those from his correspondents, would have conveyed a better impression of the man. The index is inadequate.

In explanation of certain points of our review last week of "The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz," the McClure Company wishes us to say that there was no intention on their part of leading purchasers to suppose that the work was complete in the two volumes now issued, and that later advertisements made clear that a third volume was to succeed. This will contain the remainder of the autobiography, which comes down to Grant's administration. Mr. Schurz also left a vast amount of material and notes for writing the reminiscences of the latter part of his life, and these have been entrusted to a competent historian, who will continue the narrative from the point where Mr. Schurz left off to the date of his death. The terms of the original contract with Mr. Schurz are responsible for this issuing of the work at different times.

"The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz" are appearing in German, the second volume having been published under the title "*Lebenserinnerungen*" (Berlin: Georg Reimer). This volume has been translated by the daughter of the author, Miss Agathe Schurz, assisted by Miss Mary Nolte.

In "The Rise and Development of the Gerrymander" (Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.) the subject is more interesting than the manner in which it is handled. The author, Elmer C. Griffith, professor of history and political science in William Jewell College, has worked diligently to bring together material, much of it gathered from old newspapers, records of election returns, etc., bearing upon the practice of gerrymandering, from the earliest date down to 1840. He defines a gerrymander as "the formation of election districts on another basis than that of single and homogeneous political units as they existed previous to the ap-

portionment, with boundaries arranged for partisan advantage." Of course, it is a political trick, for the most part turning out to be of real disadvantage to the party that practises it. Professor Griffith rarely philosophizes. He likewise abstains from dealing with the subject as a sociologist. His style is at times obscure. The "dissertation" (for it was submitted for a degree) is a narrative, doubtless accurate, of the several instances in the various States where political parties have perpetrated this species of outrage—and, viewed as a catalogue of misdeeds, it is not without value.

"Israel in Europe," by G. F. Abbott (The Macmillan Co.), will be a surprise to the general reader who has a dim idea that the history of the Jews closed with the fall of Jerusalem under Titus. Successive chapters, carefully and authoritatively prepared, prove that Jewish history is continuous, and that with the final destruction of the Temple the Jew's real history began; for voluntary or compulsory migrations, which had already commenced previous to that era, were to scatter his race throughout the globe. This movement, termed the Diaspora, is commonly overlooked in all school and college text books. Yet Mr. Abbott's work shows what fascinating material is furnished by one branch of the subject—the story of the Jews in Europe. Judging from his pages of authorities, general and particular, his book, even if a summary, is sufficiently comprehensive in its way, while he is to be commended for his sober and judicious style. Without glorifying or exaggerating, he aims to be just, and succeeds in his scholarly presentation. Mr. Abbott has been happiest in his recital of facts—generally neglected—which throw light on Jewish conditions in Europe. While he has given less prominence to the Jew's intellectual activity, his social, political, and economic relations receive ample treatment. The story of Israel in Europe, a pariah for eighteen centuries, is a tragedy; and the chapters on Spain, the Ghetto, Catholic Reaction, the Crusades, Anti-Semitism, hardly suggest a civilized era. And as to the future, Mr. Abbott is not hopeful—he believes "there is no rest for Israel." Yet if so much has been overcome, one might be less pessimistic. This note of hopelessness is the only unsatisfactory feature in a work which will do much to popularize the knowledge of Jewish history and lead to a juster and kindler estimate of the Jew's place in modern civilization.

"Socialism Before the French Revolution," by W. B. Guthrie (The Macmillan Company), is a history of communistic and socialistic theories from the sixteenth century to the close of the eighteenth. The author has grasped the fact that Socialism in every age has been the outgrowth of the existing social conditions; and from this point of view seeks to interpret the writings of More, Campanella, Morelly, and two or three radicals of the period of the French Revolution. He does not profess to deal with all the socialistic works that appeared between the sixteenth century and the eighteenth, since he thinks that "such an attempt would lead in this case, as it has done in so many other cases, to a mere annotated bibliography." The general conclusion to which he comes is that

"close generic relationship" exists between the socialistic doctrines of the time with which he deals and Socialism of the present day. This has long been obvious to students of Plato, More, Campanella, and the others; and the researches of André Lichtenberger have thrown much light upon the problem. Mr. Guthrie, however, confines himself so closely to the beaten path that he adds little to our knowledge of the extent and nature of the relationship between earlier and later socialistic theories. Such additions are to be expected chiefly from detailed investigations, like those of Lichtenberger, in fields which have long been neglected even by the Socialists themselves.

Dr. M. A. Tenney's "Social Democracy and Population" (Columbia University Press; the Macmillan Co., agents) is an attempt to answer the question whether it is possible for modern society to realize the democratic ideal—that every man shall have a chance and know that he has it. The author assumes that this ideal, which he terms "social democracy," can exist only where the plane of living is relatively high; and he investigates, from the "sociological" standpoint, the effect of the growth of population upon the "plane of living." His first discovery—"that permanent maintenance of a social democracy requires a rate of population increase less rapid than the rise in the standard of living"—seems to be a somewhat clumsy "sociological" restatement of the Malthusian doctrine. He then proceeds to consider other factors in the problem, such as the ability of one people to defend its standard of living against the competition of another people with a lower standard; the alleged tendency of civilization to encourage the survival of the unfit, i. e., to produce race degeneration; the question whether the level of natural ability can be raised by social control over the growth of population; and the precise things the United States must do in order "to meet the conditions necessary for the attainment and maintenance of social democracy." We gather that he would have our population increase but slowly, would not have us develop a foreign trade based upon exploitation of inferior races, would restrict the immigration of laborers having low standards of living, and would avoid international complications. We infer, too, that he would have us go in for eugenics on a wholesale plan. With its combination of things obvious and things past finding out the monograph well illustrates certain tendencies in sociological writings of the day.

"Industrial Education," by Harlow S. Persons, director of the Tuck School of Administration and Finance, Dartmouth College (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is one of the prize essays in the series established by Hart, Schaffner & Marx. The volume deals with the training required by young men who would fit themselves for the higher positions in industry or commerce, and the need of providing such training in the United States. The need is now generally admitted, and Mr. Persons has stated the case temperately and forcibly. The outline which he offers for a system of industrial education for the United States is both interesting and instructive. His opinion clearly is that while commercial training should be offered in high schools, collegiate courses, and pro-

fessional departments, the ideal conditions can be found only in distinctly professional instruction, open solely to those who have already completed a liberal education. The question here raised is a large one, about which, as is well known, there is serious difference of opinion. Mr. Persons, in any case, advances good reasons for the position he maintains, and his book is a useful contribution to an important branch of educational discussion.

W. G. Aston has added an exposition of "Shinto, the Ancient Religion of Japan," to the series of slender books on Religions: Ancient and Modern, published by Archibald Constable & Co. We observe that Dr. Aston, contrary as he admits to the opinion of "nine out of ten educated Japanese," makes nature worship and not ancestor worship the true basis of Shinto. He holds that Lafcadio Hearn's "interesting and valuable work, 'Japan, an Interpretation,' is greatly marred by this misconception."

For purposes of reading the Rev. Alexander V. G. Allen's "Phillips Brooks" in one volume (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is superior to the three volumes of the "Life and Letters" published seven years ago. The abridgment is of sufficient compass to tell the story of the man and his work, and the most valuable and interesting portions of the letters have been retained.

A dozen of the addresses delivered at the beginning of the academical year '07 Edward Caird, while he was Master of Balliol, are brought together under the title of "Lay Sermons and Addresses" (The Macmillan Co.). They are well worth preserving. Ranging in theme from "The Jubilee of Queen Victoria" to such topics as "Freedom and Truth," "Immortality," "The Faith of Job," they display alike the gifted teacher's power of penetrative analysis and rich spiritual appreciation. Contact with such a mind is in itself an education. "A complete humanity," he says, "cannot be developed either by the spirit that produced the 'De Imitatione Christi' or by the spirit that produced the 'Areopagitica,' but only by both in one." One reading these pages with that sentence in mind will be inclined to fix first upon the gentle submissiveness of a Kempis, and then no less positively upon the rugged independence of Milton, as the dominant temper of the author, and the two elements are indeed so finely blended that it is impossible to determine which prevails. When one turns from these quiet pages of real spiritual power to the loud and strident heresy of the minister of the City Temple ("New Theology Sermons," by R. J. Campbell, The Macmillan Co.), the shock is great. With their endless confusions, their perfervid and narrow zeal for a type of doctrine, their blindness to the most real distinctions, the discourses of Mr. Campbell induce anything but the feeling of religious calm and trustfulness. In the face of such a display the counsel of the British bishop is certainly in order: "Above all things, flee enthusiasm." The plea may be entered for the author that the *rabies theologorum* is not conducive to gentle and edifying discourse, but the fact remains that the volume leaves the reader with the feeling that he has listened for an hour to some old-time teacher of polemic theology, and

not at all with the grateful sense of having dwelt for a little in a peaceful house of prayer.

A new "Dictionary of the Bible," to be issued in one volume, under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. James Hastings, the editor of the well-known Dictionary in five volumes, is announced by Charles Scribner's Sons. The work will not be an abridgment of the larger one, as entirely new signed articles by competent scholars are promised. This one-volume Dictionary will be the third work of reference edited by Dr. Hastings.

The new historical introduction of eighty-three pages which Prof. Th. Kolde of the University of Erlangen has furnished for the recently published tenth issue of the Müller edition of the "Symbolische Bücher" (Gütersloh: C. Bertelsmann), gives to this theological classic the value of a new publication. In this introduction the most valuable part is the investigation of the problems connected with the Augsburg Confession. Most important of the results is the proof that neither the present Latin nor German text is the exact reproduction of the original, but that the Latin text has the better claim to correctness. This investigation carries still further the conclusion of Prof. Paul Tschackert of Göttingen, made several years ago on the basis of a close comparison of all the manuscripts of the Augustana. He demonstrated that not even the so-called *editio princeps* can lay claim to absolute critical accuracy.

Students of modern religious problems will welcome the second *bedeutend vermehrte* edition of "Die moderne Gemeinschaftsbewegung," by Paul Fleisch, with an introduction by Dr. Behrmann of Hamburg (Leipzig: H. G. Wollmann). The movement, of which this is a critical and very objective investigation, is an agitation directed against the critical theology of the day.

The third annual edition of "Wer Ist's" (the German "Who's Who"), for 1908, edited and published by H. A. L. Degener, in Leipzig, has just appeared. It contains biographies of about 18,000 persons, 2,500 more than in the edition of 1907. The price, ten marks (\$2.50), is reasonable for a bound volume, so carefully prepared and well printed, and comprising 1,731 pages. Preceding the body of the work are statistical tables and other useful matter, including biographies of the heads of all nations. The book is imported by Lemcke & Buechner of this city.

The Royal Library in Berlin has published an appeal, requesting that all who have letters of the late Theodor Mommsen send them to the library authorities, to be deposited there either permanently or at least until copies can be made. Mommsen's two sons, Karl and Ernst, have recently given to the library his entire correspondence with the proviso that this collection, containing letters to and from more than fifteen hundred prominent scholars and men of affairs, will be kept under lock and key until the year 1933. This collection contains however, only about one-half of Mommsen's correspondence, and the library authorities hope in response to their appeal to secure the greater portion of the remainder.

A new Swabian author, Wilhelm Schusser, who has the gift of portraying vividly

the peasant life of his native Würtemberg, is being warmly welcomed by German literary journals. Two of his recent works are: "Vincenz Faulhaber," a so-called *Schelmenroman*; and "Meine Steinauer," a *Heimatgeschichte*. (Stuttgart and Leipzig: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt.)

To Americans wishing to acquire the rudiments of Danish may be recommended a primer entitled "How to Learn Danish" by Miss Henri Forchhammer (Copenhagen and Chicago: Gyldendal Publishing Co.). The book gives in 91 pages a fair statement of pronunciation, the phrases most needed by a traveller, a brief outline of grammar, and a vocabulary. The preface is by W. G. Collingwood.

One of the chief sensations in this winter's Scandinavian book market is the publication (Copenhagen and Chicago: Gyldendal Publishing Co.) of the long lost manuscript of Ibsen's epic "Brand." This manuscript, which had been left in the lumberroom of the Scandinavian Artists' Society in Rome, has now, after many vicissitudes and forty years of oblivion, come into the possession of the Copenhagen Royal Library and has been edited with copious and instructive notes by Prof. Karl Larsen.

The same publishers have also issued a two-volume edition of Kieland's letters, edited by his sons and prefaced by Prof. Gerhard Gran of Christiania University. Alexander L. Kieland, who died a couple of years ago, as an officer high in the service of the state, had a rather meteoric career as a novelist in the late seventies and the eighties. He proves himself in his letters the same wielder of a forcible pen and the same master of form as in his novels. The collection contains, besides letters to the author's near relatives, epistles to the two brothers Brandes, to Björnson, the publisher Hegel, and many others. Among the most charming letters are those written to the author's Danish friend, Mrs. Viggo Drewsen.

With the volume entitled "Les Bangala," published by the Institut International de Bibliographie, Brussels, the author, Cyril van Overbergh, in conjunction with Dr. Eduard Jonghe, begins a series of works on tribes of the Congo district. The chief purpose is not to furnish entirely new data, but to select and utilize out of the chaos of details found in the vast Congo literature those facts which the scientist, traveller, and merchant most need. The plan is to follow this volume with one on the Monbuttu, or Mangbata, who until recently controlled a territory from South Sudan to the great lakes, and among whom Schweinfurth found old Egyptian traditions. Next will come the scattered warlike tribe of the Asandeh, or Fan, the Majombe, the Ababia, and the Bajandsi. The whole project is largely due to the initiative of the Belgian Société de Sociologie.

François Simland makes an important contribution to the discussion of one of the most pressing modern problems, in his book "Salaire des ouvriers des mines de charbon," supplemented by answers to criticism before the Société de Statistique de Paris. By reducing fifty years' statistics of wages and results in French coal mines to relative values (percentages on the single year 1892), he translates into graphic tables the comparative variations of aver-

age daily production, average cost of labor per ton, selling price per ton, value produced by one day's labor, average day's wage, etc. In his analysis of results and the search after causes, he studies the complicated play of action and reaction on the part of both workmen and employers; variations in the effort of both; changes in the organization of labor, and particularly the development of mechanism. In conclusion, M. Simland establishes the order of the four tendencies common to workmen and employers, each tendency being stronger than the one immediately following and demanding first satisfaction: tendency to keep to the same gain; not to increase effort; to increase gain; to diminish effort. Examples of the practical utility of such conclusions are given in their application to the settlement of wage rates, to strikes, and to the ratio of profit to wages. M. Simland's work quite agrees with that of Harzé on coal mining in Belgium; the latter shows that, from 1861 to 1895, the proportional share of the owners with relation to that of the workmen, in value produced, had decreased by 60 per cent.

From the University of Louvain we have the doctor's thesis of a Benedictine monk, Christian Baur, in the form of an essay on "Saint Jean Chrysostome et ses œuvres dans l'histoire littéraire." It is published for the fifteenth centenary (in 1907) of this last of the really great writers in Greek, a Christian Cicero rather than a Demosthenes, having a profound influence on the development of Christian eloquence and appreciated by so leading a modern as Macaulay.

The Ligurian Society of local history is about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its formation. It announces the publication shortly of several important works. "Historical Notes on the Monte di Pietà," by Michele Bruzzone, begins a series of studies on the history of local charities; while two monographs, "The Reminiscences of Francesco Cybo," edited by Luigi Staffetti, and the "Life of Agostino Mascardi," by Francesco Luigi Mannucci, continue the study of local customs which began with Belgrano's "Private Life of the Genovese," and Gian Vincenzo Imperiali's "Travels and Journals," edited by Anton Giulio Barrili. Another member, Paolo Accame, is preparing for the press a continuation of the "Medieval Inscriptions of Liguria"; and translations are being made of Caro's "Genoa and Its Power on the Mediterranean in the Thirteenth Century," and of Samanek's account of the help given the Ghibellines by Arrigo the Seventh of Luxembourg, whom Dante hailed as the saviour of Italy. The Society has issued recently, "The Finances of the Middle Ages," and the "House of San Giorgio," by Prof. Enrico Sieveking.

When the Dominican Biblical and Archaeological School at the Convent of St. Stephen, Jerusalem, was founded fifteen years ago for the purpose of providing training for teachers and writers on Biblical subjects, Pope Leo XIII. expressed his desire that all the lectures should be open to non-Catholic students—an opportunity which has been appreciated. In addition to the lectures there is an archaeological walk every week, and two excursions each year, so planned that in two years the whole country is traversed from Petra to Baalbek.

The students are accompanied by professors who explain every object and place of interest, while the practical nature of the journeys is shown by the fact that some valuable discoveries have been made in them—for example, numerous Nabatean and Greek inscriptions at Petra. Last year the whole American Institute of Archaeology at Jerusalem formed part of the body of students that went through Palestine across the Dead Sea. Among the works in preparation by the school is a large historical geography of the Holy Land, the result of years of research.

The Baltimore Association for the Promotion of the University Education of Women offers a fellowship of \$500 for the year 1908-1909 available for study at an American or European university. As a rule, this fellowship is awarded to candidates who have done one or two years of graduate work, preference being given to women from Maryland and the South. Applications must be made before March 20 to the chairman of the committee on award, Dr. Mary Sherwood, The Arundel, Baltimore.

Edmund Clarence Stedman died in this city January 18. He was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1833, and entered Yale at the age of fifteen. At the end of his sophomore year he was suspended for some breach of discipline, and he never returned; but in 1871 he received the honorary degree of master of arts. In 1852 he became editor of the Norwich *Tribune*, and then proprietor of the *Winsted Herald*. But not satisfied with the field of country journalism, he moved to New York in 1856, and soon gained recognition as one of the group of writers which included Bayard Taylor, George William Curtis, William Cullen Bryant, William Winter, and R. H. Stoddard. He contributed to *Vanity Fair*, *Putnam's Monthly*, and *Harper's Magazine*. Joining the editorial staff of the *Tribune*, he wrote for that paper a number of pieces of popular verse, including "The Diamond Wedding," "The Ballad of Lager Beer," and "How Old John Brown Took Harper's Ferry." These and other poems were printed in his first volume, "Poems; Lyric and Idyllic," 1860. Then Mr. Stedman went to the staff of the *World*; was correspondent of that newspaper at Washington, and at the army headquarters of Gens. McDowell and McClellan; and finally private secretary to Attorney-General Bates in Lincoln's Cabinet. His next step was into the business of banker and broker. He retired from the Stock Exchange in 1900, but until his death he took an active interest in his banking house. Through all this period of more than forty years in Wall Street he kept up literary activity. His published volumes of verse include "Alice of Monmouth, an Idyl of the Late War; and Other Poems," 1864; "The Blameless Prince and Other Poems," 1869; a collective edition of "Poetical Works," including "Pan in Wall Street," "Toujours Amour," and "The Door-step," 1875; "Hawthorne and Other Poems," 1877; "Lyrics and Idylls, with Other Poems," 1879; "Poems Now First Collected," 1894, and "Mater Coronata," 1900. He was also an industrious and successful editor. In collaboration with Thomas Bailey Aldrich he edited a selection from the writings of Walter Savage Landor; with Miss Ellen M. Hutchinson, "A Library of Ameri-

can Literature," eleven volumes, 1888-90; with George E. Woodberry, Poe's writings in ten volumes, 1895. In this line his most important work was "A Victorian Anthology," 1875; and "An American Anthology," 1900. These substantial volumes are recognized as standards in their field. He wrote for the magazines various critical articles which he gathered into "The Victorian Poets," 1875, followed ten years later by "The Poets of America"; and by "The Nature and Elements of Poetry," 1892. In 1905 he published a "History of the New York Stock Exchange." He was active in many literary and artistic movements, such as the American Copyright League, of which he was vice-president, and after the death of James Russell Lowell, president.

William Livingston Alden, who died in Buffalo January 14, was in his day a popular writer and humorist. Many of his books for boys enjoyed a wide circulation. He was born in Williamstown, Mass., in 1837, and practised law from 1860 to 1865. For the next twenty years he was in journalism in this city, and then he was appointed consul-general to Rome by President Cleveland. Since that time he had lived chiefly abroad. Among his books are "Canoe and Flying Proa," "Domestic Explosives," "Shooting Stars," "Life of Columbus," "Adventures of Jimmy Brown," "Loss of the Swansea," "The Moral Pirates," "Cruise of the Ghost," "Cruise of the Canoe Club," "New Robinson Crusoe," "Trying to Find Europe," "A Lost Soul," "Told by the Colonel," "Among the Freaks," "The Mystery of Elias G. Roebrick," "His Daughter," "Van Wagener's Ways," and "Drewitt's Dream."

James Ryder Randall, author of "Maryland, My Maryland," died in Augusta, Ga., January 14. He was born in Baltimore in 1839, and was teaching in Louisiana when at the outbreak of the civil war he wrote the lines by which he is best known. He enlisted in the Confederate army, but was discharged on account of physical disabilities. Since the war he had been engaged in journalism, most of the time in Augusta, Washington, and New Orleans. His verses have never been collected; but among the more popular are: "The Lone Sentry," "There's Life in the Old Land Yet," "The Battle Cry of the South," "Arlington," and "The Cameo Bracelet."

John Ordronaux, lawyer and physician, died January 20 at Glen Head, L. I. He was born in New York in 1830, was graduated from Dartmouth in 1850, and from the Harvard Law School in 1852. While practising law he studied medicine and received degree in that subject. He was examiner of army recruits in Brooklyn at the time of the civil war, and for many years he lectured on medical jurisprudence in the Columbia Law School. He was the first New York State commissioner in lunacy, and he revised and codified the statutes on lunacy. Among his writings are: "Hints on Health in Armies," "Manual for Military Surgeons on the Examination of Recruits and Discharge of Soldiers," "The Legal Status of the Medical Profession in New York," "Report on Expert Testimony," "Hallucination Consistent with Reason," "On Suicide," "The Jurisprudence of Medicine, in Its Relation to the Law of Contracts, Torts, and Evidence," "Moral In-

sanity," "On Expert Testimony in Judicial Proceedings," "The Proper Legal Status of the Insane," "Legislation in New York Relating to the Insane," "Institutes of Equity as Revealed Through Its Maxims," "Judicial Aspects of Insanity," "The Plea of Insanity as an Answer to an Indictment," "Judicial Problems Relating to the Disposal of Insane Criminals," and "Constitutional Legislation in the United States."

THE AMERICAN NATION.

National Development, 1877-1885. By Edwin Erle Sparks. *National Problems, 1885-1897.* By Davis R. Dewey. [The American Nation, vols. xxiii. and xxiv.] New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2 net each.

With these volumes the "American Nation" series enters the field of the newest history. Contemporary history is proverbially hard to write, not only because it is too near to us, but also because there is much about it that we do not yet know. Professor Sparks, for example, has not had the use of the papers of President Hayes, while of such matters as the relations of Blaine and Harrison, the failure of Sherman to secure the Presidency in 1888, and the origin of Cleveland's tariff message of 1887, we still, as Professor Dewey confesses, know too little to offer a definitive explanation. One is prepared, accordingly, in these two volumes for some change of manner. The chronicle of events is reasonably full, and on the whole well-balanced and skilfully arranged, but the narrative is left, as a rule, to tell its own story, with but rare intrusion of the author's personal judgment. Happily for those who will most need such accounts as these, the events of the last twenty-five years in this country could hardly be related, if one tried, with colorless effect; the evils of patronage, the shortcomings of Garfield, the devious policy of Blaine, and the scandalous invasion of Indian rights speak for themselves. At the same time, we cannot but think that the authors of the works before us have rather too much abdicated the historian's judgment seat, and fallen too easily into the position of the intelligent chronicler. One need not write the history of his own time unless he chooses; but if he chooses, the public have a right to expect that he will not systematically withhold his opinion of the permanent significance of the events he deems it worth while to narrate.

Sure at this point, there is little but praise for the work here offered. It may well be doubted if even the wisest of the men who have made American history since 1877 have realized how large and varied were the interests which concerned the national life and moulded the national spirit during that brief period. The first five chapters of Professor Sparks's volume are an informing summary of the social and economic change, with its new distribution of population, its epoch-making discoveries and inventions, and its grave problems of industry and transportation, that crowded the decade after 1877. With this as a background, the narrative takes up the Administration of Hayes and the party struggles which the withdrawal of the Federal troops from the South brought on. Of Hayes himself, Professor Sparks gives (pp. 178, 179) a somewhat equivocal judgment.

Hayes, he tells us, "coming into office at the dawn of the period of reform, . . . failed to appreciate its meaning, or to respond to its demands." "He represented the old school of gentlemanly statesmanship, when the times were beginning to demand originality and aggressiveness." Yet the material results of his Administration, as shown in the pacification of the South, the resumption of specie payment, the reduction and refunding of the debt, and the industrial prosperity of the country, are pointed to as the "achievements" by which his Administration is to be measured. If we understand these statements, they would seem to indicate that Hayes bridged the gulf of a transition period extremely well, and that his personal qualities were in the main such as fitted him for his own time, and not for some other, rather than that his personal qualities marred fundamentally his success.

Before Hayes's term ended the questions of silver and the civil service had forced themselves into prominence. The story of the early struggle for sound currency and a non-partisan civil service is not pleasant reading, save as one discerns in opposition, intrigue, and failure, the gradual triumph of right; and a perusal of Professor Sparks's chapters at this point may well afford thoughtful Republicans food for reflection. The principal questions of foreign policy in the decade were the Isthmian Canal and Chinese exclusion, the handling of the latter being, we think, a bit tender. The development of the West, on the other hand, is vigorously set forth. The topic least satisfactorily treated is the tariff, the point of view being too exclusively that of Congress and party platforms rather than that of the economic condition of the country as a whole. The volume ends with a sketch of the progress of railway consolidation and the problems arising therefrom, and an account of the Cleveland election of 1884.

The election of Cleveland, the first Democratic President since Buchanan, marks the end of the transition from reconstruction politics. Professor Dewey, who takes up the story at this point, continues the account of the three great economic questions, tariff, silver, and railroads, begun by Professor Sparks, and adds a chapter on the labor movement then rising to national importance. These are but incidents, however, in a struggle whose real issue, as Professor Hart points out in his editorial introduction, was "between the powers of vested interests, of capital and accumulated savings, as against the pressure of producers of farm staples and of the organization of workmen in trades and manufactures." One feels increasingly the press of varied interests, the clash between economic exigency and party expediency, the straining of Constitution and laws in the effort to deal rationally with novel and difficult conditions. Professor Dewey, who is particularly at home in the economic portions of his field, has skilfully indicated the main lines of development. In the stormy administration of Cleveland, especially, he contrives to exhibit with moderation both the strong and the weak points of the President; and it must be admitted that the figure of the great Democratic leader does not become less imposing in his drawing of it.

No one can read with care these skillfully written volumes without being led to some serious reflections on the recent trend of American politics. For one thing, one realizes the overtopping prominence of economic considerations in political life. To-day more than ever, the financial significance of political action tips the scale. Partly as a consequence of this, one notes the disappearance of the school of statesmen whose views, however much to be dissented from, were nevertheless grounded on constitutional principle and adjusted to a broad view of national welfare; and the rise of a school of politicians, who, ignorant of the complicated problems which they are asked to solve, and destitute of the historic sense which alone can make the past shed light upon the future, content themselves with temporary expedients and piecemeal reforms. We still call ourselves a democracy, but we legislate only for classes. Of even soberer significance is the effect of political temporizing upon the Supreme Court, which now for a generation has less and less known its own mind, and to-day guides but unstably the course of opinion even among lawyers and judges. Professor Sparks and Professor Dewey scarcely more than suggest these larger aspects of politics, and they wisely refrain from prophecy; but their clear and impartial narratives should perform a needed service in discriminating the numerous and conflicting elements of which American politics has of late come to be compounded.

CURRENT FICTION.

Under the Crust. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is to be supposed that the title of this collection of stories means "under the social crust," in recognition of the fact that most of the persons presented do not belong to any fashionable set. Certainly Col. Page has never shown more clearly his inability to get beneath the surface of things, never written fiction more dapper, more accommodating, more commonplace. His work has always been popularly successful, it still has the "magazinable" qualities (except humor), if no others. Its properties are those of the generally acceptable sermon or the generally acceptable play. It amiably reflects such views of life as are presentable in the mirage of conventional sentiment. Its individual charm lies in its occasional touches of that highfrown eloquence, that ferocious "chivalry," which are even more engaging than disconcerting to the Barbarian of the North. The present "Down-East" tales give little play to that kind of ebullience. Perhaps this is why they will have a moderate interest for readers who recall with pleasure "Mark Chan," and other early plantation stories by Col. Page.

Red-Coat Captain: A Story of That Country. By Alfred Ollivant. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is a fairy parable for all comers. The classifying mind doctored it at once with "Water Babies," "Alice in Wonderland," and "Peter Pan." We find that children and adults of our acquaintance differ alike as to whether it is moving or silly.

and we frankly own that we are not quite sure of our own opinion. A superficial difficulty for Americans young or old lies in the fact that the terms of the fable are those of English garrison life. Apart from this obstacle of form, there are various questions of interpretation which become rather irritating if the reader allows himself to think of them at all. Is this the adventures of a family or neighborhood of children promoted to the dignity of parable? If the Junior Subaltern is the baby, who is the Commander-in-Chief, and why is he the villain? If the Queen is cook, who is the King? No doubt it is safer not to try to analyze this kind of thing. Much of it is over the heads of children, and some of it is over the head of everybody but the author. The child-idiom of the narrative is delicious.

The Story of Christina. By Mary Harriett Norris. New York: The Neale Publishing Co.

This book is in some respects like its heroine. Christina is described as being "part of the new womanhood in whom intellect and emotion are so completely fused that the ardor of one intensifies the ardor of the other, lifting both to an altitude which fills a woman with the exigency of demand that until the nineteenth century was a masculine prerogative." "Exigency of demand" is quite the keynote of woman and book. The ground plan is not unreasonable, the details careful and often keen but raw. The story is written to show what happens when a beautiful daughter of an American mother and a Swedish father, of Western birth and education, is suddenly whisked from her co-educational college into the ferocious prominence of being a multi-millionairess, a slayer of ten thousand by her beauty and her wealth. The conservative East, the untrammelled West, the lavishness of youth, the avarice of heredity strive within her for possession of her "strong, simple, sincere spirit," each power bringing its own array of scenery, costumes, lovers, and temptations. "In her train were gentlemen, barons, counts, earls, dukes, and princes, most of whom were bankrupt."

"I am not episodical, David," cries Christina, at a late stage of her development. Just what she meant it is hard to say. She was, in fact, little else. In the course of one day in Chicago she is twice made tipsy, she is worked upon by a professional hypnotist, and she is almost married to the villain, escaping only when an opportune alarm of fire supplies a cooling hose and breaks up the wedding. If these be not episodes, what was it to pass hours in a man-hole on the Fourth Avenue railroad in an attempt to escape again from the same villain? And what to be swept from a horse's back into a mill pond and fished out by the hero just as the dam is about to claim her for its own? No, Christina was wrong: episodical she certainly was, and very troublesome the villain made the episodes for her. There was, however, one true soul, a Westerner, whose faith never faltered, who deservedly won the prize.

The story is more successful as photography and topography than as a history of soul development. Christina's soul is rather a mirror of changeful externals than

an individual existence. Even the touch of the meaner traits, like avarice, do not avail to make her humanly alive. In fine, she does not quite convince us of her importance.

A King in Rags. By Cleveland Moffett. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The sociological story is sometimes a great achievement and stirs the world to listen; oftener it is unreadable, and its lessons are lost in air. Mr. Moffett's novel is of neither the one class nor the other. It is assuredly not a commanding exposition of its theme, or in any large way sensational. But while obviously, even naively, a vehicle for a moral, the story slips along so easily that it affords no chance to escape the appalling facts it marshals relating to the conditions of labor and living in our city.

The several attitudes held toward the question of poverty by the three leading characters are that:

Poverty is an ugly beast, . . . created by the greedy and luxurious rich for their own undoing.

Poverty is the lot of the weak and the unworthy, the survival of the unfittest.

Poverty would disappear if there were a fair division of the products of toil.

On these three assumptions the great problem of living is approached, and some interesting experiments made, involving a sojourn in a slum tenement by a railroad king. His way, until his heart has been better taught, is to apply trust methods to trades, to control sanitary conditions so far as shall be peculiarly profitable, and let who must starve for want of work. The old Socialist, on the contrary, sees no cure for the world's pain but an industrial republic, where a new division of wealth would assign to the people everything that the magnates now hold. He openly charges the captains of industry with keeping back safety devices from their systems, because it is cheaper to kill men than to protect them. A middle ground is held by the young hero, who hails improved tenements and children's playgrounds as the best help to citizenship.

Into the story, which is kept astir with incident, are woven such statistics of vice, crime, and mortality resulting from wrong industrial conditions as must go home to the consciousness of the most callous. From the gilding of our picture frames to the wet-nursing of our babies, there is no employment which should not make stern appeal to every conscience that would not carry a load of blood-guiltiness. If these great problems have been treated more largely, they have not often been presented more sincerely and straightforwardly, nor in more available form.

The Van Rensselaers of Old Manhattan. By Weymer Jay Mills. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

A showy, even virulent, concoction of colored plates, illustrated titles, illuminated initials, page borderings, and large type, enclosed in blue-lavender covers with a beribboned picture of the heroine outside. The whole is in the style of an acute Christmas card many times multiplied. Incidentally there is some text—a romance about sundry real and reputed Van Rensselaers, both Whig and Tory. Into the gen-

eral flutter of ribbons and rhetoric is introduced Washington with his aide, "Merry Harry Knox," who asks his chief "Art sorry, your excellency, you insisted on turning back?" Madam Van Rensselaer had already questioned him—"Wast thinking where you last saw me?" and we put a fresh laurel leaf on the brow of the Father of his Country listening unperturbed. He did not have to read the book, however, and so was spared much elaborate twaddle.

John Rae, the illustrator, has done some pretty work.

Signore. By Gustav Kobbé. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Though Mr. Kobbé has chosen the form of fiction, he has written not so much a story as a series of miscellaneous sketches. His real subject is the life behind the scenes of a "grand opera" house. It is a life which has undeniable glamour for the ordinary opera-goer, in its mechanical as well as personal aspects. Mr. Kobbé gives a clear idea of the topography of this mysterious realm, and a good deal of amusing gossip about its inhabitants. Under very thin disguises the chief operatic figures of the passing generation appear in citizen's garb—a company of amiable and rather childlike enthusiasts. The nominal heroine of the narrative is a foundling left at the stage door and adopted by the "general utility man." Brought up almost literally upon the stage, she becomes in the end a worthy successor to the great "Caravé" as Carmen. One ought perhaps to be a little "stage-struck" to get the most pleasure out of such a book, but it may be commended for its refreshing quality of ingenuousness to the more cold-blooded reader.

The History of the Squares of London. By E. Beresford Chancellor. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$5 net.

The Ghosts of Piccadilly. By G. S. Street. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2 net.

Bohemia in London. By Arthur Ransome. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2 net.

The Colour of London. By W. J. Loftie. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. \$6 net.

The interest of Mr. Chancellor's volume is more for the student or diligent lover of London than for the mere seeker after gossip and anecdote. Taking up the squares of the city in regular order—and there is little of value in London history that in one way or another does not come into their domain—he gives their topographical history and personal associations. The work is the result of great labor, involving research into all parish records and into the archives of many families and land-owners. To those who wish to follow the fortunes of various London houses, with their confusing changes of designation, Mr. Chancellor's work will be indispensable, as, indeed, to all students hereafter of the city. There are numerous illustrations from old prints, giving the historic aspects of the more important squares.

Having made ourselves familiar with the squares in London, we may pass through the Haymarket to Piccadilly, down whose memorable way we shall find in Mr. Street a well-informed and communicative guide.

"The Ghosts of Piccadilly" is not written for antiquarian purposes, although the author does not shirk the necessity of discussing on the origin of the highway and its quaint name. His interest is frankly with its romantic associations, with the poets and statesmen and great ladies who have lived and written and loved, and, above all, gambled in its famous houses. And what a society: "Old Q." Beau Brummell (whom Mr. Street treats with proper respect), Mrs. Garrick, Byron (for whom he has always a good word), Macaulay (for whom he confesses a hearty dislike), the Palmers, the Duke of Wellington, Emma Hamilton, Scott, Mrs. Coutts—there is no thoroughfare in the English world which so lends itself to piquant and pathetic reminiscences. The *genre* of writing undertaken by Mr. Street is known for its difficulty: on the one side lies the danger of pragmatically dullness, on the other lurks the temptation of strained vivacity. In keeping the middle way between these two extremes, Mr. Street has been unusually successful; he has assumed the right degree of whimsical aloofness to carry off his romantic sensibility, and he has made a thoroughly entertaining book. The portrait illustrations are good; one could wish that views of the houses were added.

From Piccadilly to Soho and the back streets of Chelsea is a step from one world to another; yet, as so often happens, extremes here meet, and the Bohemia of the *beau monde* has its curious affinities with the "Bohemia in London" described by Arthur Ransome. It is not the *poseurs* of the artistic world Mr. Ransome deals with, but the struggling young artists and writers who walk the streets, feeding on bread when they can get it, and on visionary hopes always. We know of no book which portrays the genuine privations and proud independencies of that world better than the volume before us; and his conclusion is sound:

Bohemia is only a stage in a man's life, except in the case of fools, and a very few others. It is not a profession. A man does not set out saying, "I am going to be a Bohemian"; he trudges along, whispering to himself, "I am going to be a poet, or an artist, or some other kind of great man," and finds Bohemia, like a tavern by the wayside. He may stay there for years, and then suddenly take post-horses along the road; he may stay a little time, and then go back whence he came, to start again in another direction as a civil servant, or a respectable man of business; only a very few settle down in the tavern, forever postponing their departure, until at last they die, old men still laughing, talking, flourishing glasses, and drinking to their future prosperity.

The illustrations, in black and white, by Fred Taylor, are in full harmony with the text.

In his introduction to "The Colour of London," M. H. Spielmann, F.S.A., tells how a young Japanese, with a portfolio under his arm, and looking tired and pale, came to his room and asked him to examine some sketches of London. The young artist was Yoshio Markino, a dreamer in that Bohemia of Chelsea which Mr. Ransome describes, and the outcome of that interview was the present volume, with its abundance of full-page illustrations in color. The pictures exhibit the romantic aspect of the streets and river and parks, with just a touch of Japanese delicacy shown especially, perhaps, in the curved

lines of the women's skirts. W. J. Loftie, the well-known antiquarian, furnishes the text for the volume, an agreeable and fully informed chronicle of associations called up by the various streets and buildings.

Properties of that wonderful Element." Again is met the Franklinian touch in the following sentence:

It may, perhaps, be quite equal to some Persons which Lecture they begin with; BUT the experiments of the Second Lecture may be much better understood by those who have well attended to the experiments of the First, the One being a proper Introduction to the Other.

This is only an echo of the statement made in the "Autobiography." What has also a personal flavor is the statement:

As the Knowledge of Nature tends to enlarge the human mind, and give us more Noble, more Grand and Exalted Ideas of the Author of Nature, and if well pursued, seldom fails producing something useful to Man, 'tis hop'd these Lectures may be thought worthy of Regard and Encouragement.

All this for a chequin for each lecture.

There were twenty experiments in the first lecture, and twenty-three in the second. The prevailing theory of the nature of electricity occupied the greater part of the first demonstration, and it is more than a mere curiosity to repeat the general heads, if only to show the simplicity of the method and apparatus:

LECTURE I.

i. Of Electricity in General, giving some Account of the Discovery of it.

ii. That the Electric Fire is a real Element, and different from those heretofore known and named, and collected out of other Matter (not created) by the Friction of Glass, &c.

iii. That it is an extremely subtle Fluid.

iv. That it doth not take up any perceptible Time in passing thro' large Portions of Space.

v. That it is intimately mixed with the substance of all the other Fluids and Solids of the Globe we live on.

vi. That our Bodies at all Times contain enough of it to set a House on Fire.

vii. That tho' it will fire inflammable Matters, itself has no sensible Heat.

viii. That it differs from common Matter in this: Its Parts do not mutually attract, but mutually repel each other.

ix. That it is strongly attracted by all other Matter.

x. An artificial Spider, animated by the Electric Fire, so as to act like a live One.

xi. A Shower of Sand, which rises again as fast as it falls.

xii. That common Matter in the Form of Points, attracts this Fire more strongly than in any other Form.

xiii. A Leaf of the most weighty of Metals, suspended in the Air, as is said of Mahomet's Tomb.

xiv. An Appearance like Fishes swimming in the Air.

xv. That this Fire will live in Water, a River not being sufficient to quench the smallest Spark of it.

xvi. A Representation of the Sensitive Plant.

xvii. A Representation of the seven Planets, shewing a probable Cause of their keeping their due Distances from each other, and from the Sun in the Center.

xviii. The Salute repulsed by the Ladies Fire; or, Fire darting from a Lady's Lips, so that she may defy any Person to salute her.

xix. Eight musical Bells rung by an electrified Phial of Water.

xx. A Battery of eleven Guns discharged by Fire issuing out of a Person's Finger.

LECTURE II.

i. A Description and Explanation of Mr. Muschenbroek's wonderful Bottle.

ii. The amazing Force of the Electric Fire, in rassing thro' a Number of Bodies at the same Instant.

iii. An Electric Mine sprung.

iv. Electrised Money, which scarce any Body will take when offer'd to them.

v. A Piece of Money drawn out of a Person's Mouth in spite of his Teeth; yet without touching the Money or the Person.

vi. Spirits kindled by Fire darting from a Lady's eyes (without a Metaphor).

vii. The Electric Fire shewn to be the same with Lightning.

viii. A bright Flash of real Lightning darting from a Cloud in a painted Thunder-Storm.

ix. The Force of a small Quantity of it making a fair Hole thro' a Quire of Paper.

x. Metal melted by it (tho' without any Heat) in less than a Thousandth-Part of a Minute.

xi. Animals killed by it instantaneously.

xii. Air issuing out of a Bladder, set on Fire by a Spark from a Person's Finger, and burning like a Volcano.

xiii. A few Drops of cold Water impregnated with Lightning, and let fall on a Person's Hand, supplying him with Fire sufficient to kindle a burning Flame with one of the Fingers of his other Hand.

xiv. A sulphureous Vapour kindled into Flame by Lightning issuing out of a cold Apple, a Lime, or an Orange.

xv. The Cause and Effects of Lightning explained by a more probable Hypothesis than has hitherto appeared.

xvi. An experiment shewing why Clouds charged with Lightning fly nearer the Earth than other Clouds; and why Eminences are most frequently struck by Lightning.

xvii. Another Flash of Lightning from the painted Thunder-Storm.

xviii. An experiment shewing how Lightning, when it strikes a House or Ship, &c. may be conducted to the Earth, or Water, without doing the least Damage.

xix. A Flash of Lightning made to strike a small House, and dart towards a little Lady sitting on a Chair, who will, notwithstanding, be preserved from being hurt, whilst the Image of a Negro standing by, and seeming to be further out of Danger, will be remarkably affected by it.

xx. An Experiment shewing how to preserve Houses, Ships, &c. from being ever struck by Lightning.

xxi. The endeavouring to guard against Lightning, shown to be not chargeable with Presumption, nor inconsistent with any of the Principles either of natural or revealed Religion.

xxii. Wheel of a curious Machine turned round by Lightning, and playing Variety of Tunes on eight musical Bells.

xxiii. A Battery of eleven Guns discharged by Lightning, after it has darted thro' ten Foot of Water.

It is only necessary to turn to Franklin's writings on electricity to realize how many of his experiments were given in those lectures. WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

Washington, January 27.

"Les Maladies de l'Energie," by A. Deschamps, with a preface by Charcot's successor, Professor Raymond, attacks resolutely the disease of the age—neurasthenia. The author's wide and peculiar experience, first in his own case, and then among the poor, especially in the country, where the springs of energy are drained by misery and maternity, sets right many erroneous ideas and frankly opposes the reaction and exercise cure. The disease precisely consists in inability to follow this regimen. The rest cure seems the alternative.

L. Ranvier, professor of general anatomy, publishes a large illustrated volume of the work done during the years 1905 and 1906, in the Laboratoire d'Histologie au Collège de France.

The account given by the American mountaineer, Dr. W. Hunter Workman, of his last exploring expedition in the Himalayas to the Royal Geographical Society forms the principal feature of the *Geographical Journal* for January. He was accompanied by his wife, whose ascent of a peak 23,300 feet high is ranked as one of the most wonderful mountaineering exploits on

record. The special object was the study of the glaciers, one of which ended, like a polar glacier extending to tide-water, in a perpendicular ice-precipice about 600 feet long and 200 feet high. A remarkable experience at great altitudes was the enormous difference between the day and night temperatures.

The second international congress for the study of sleeping sickness, which was first called for last November, is to be held in London in February. The German government asked for this postponement in order that the results of Professor Koch's researches during his recent tour in Africa might be presented by Koch himself.

The death of Morris Ketchum Jesup in this city January 22 removes a generous patron of education, and especially of the sciences. He was born in Westport, Conn., in 1830, and entered business at an early age. During most of his life he was a banker in this city. He made large gifts to Princeton, to the Union Theological Seminary, to the Young Men's Christian Association, and to other educational and philanthropic enterprises. His chief interest, however, was the American Museum of Natural History, of which he was president at the time of his death. Through his help the Museum now possesses the most valuable collection extant of specimens of American woods, and a fine collection of the minerals of this continent. He was president of the Museum's East Asiatic Committee, under whose auspices Dr. Berthold Laufer went to China and made collections, the beginning of a department in which all the different cultures of Eastern Asia shall be represented. Mr. Jesup in 1897 gave the Jesup North Pacific exploration fund. Under this, MM. Bogoras and Jochelson went to the Amur region, Siberia, to study the tribes there. In May, 1905, following a gift from Mr. Jesup to the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences, the Czar appointed him a Knight of St. Stanislaus of the first degree, in recognition of his services to the cause of ethnological research. Explorations in British Columbia were completed in 1903, and were later extended to the State of Washington. Ultimately, through the Jesup endowment, scientists hope to discover the course of racial migration in the New World and the relationship between the earliest known inhabitants of Northwest America and the aborigines of the Asian continent and Japan. Mr. Jesup also assisted Peary on different occasions, to the extent of some \$200,000, in the attempts to reach the North Pole.

Alfonso Sella, professor of physics in the University of Rome, has recently died at the age of forty-two. After graduating at Turin, he studied at Göttingen under Riecke and Voigt, and for ten years was Prof. Pietro Blaserna's assistant in the Institute of Physics at Rome. He was appointed professor extraordinary at the University of Rome in 1899, and was promoted soon after to an ordinary professorship. He was a member of various learned societies, was secretary of the Italian Society of Physicists, and was secretary and one of the founders of the Italian Society for the Advancement of Science, whose successful organization last September was largely due to his initiative and to his

executive ability. He was also well known as an Alpine climber. Among his publications were: "Investigations of the Physics of Crystals," "Influence of the Röntgen Rays and of Ultra-Violet Light upon Sparks," and "Investigations of the Radioactivity of the Air."

The Rev. Lorimer Fison died December 29 near Melbourne, Victoria. He was born in England in 1832 and educated at Cambridge. After several years of gold digging in Australia, he joined the Wesleyan mission to Fiji. There he began his career as an anthropologist; and he later extended his labors through Australia. His research established the fact of a system of group marriage among the aborigines, according to the conclusions set forth in L. H. Morgan's "Ancient Society." Among his publications are "Kamibaroi and Kurnal," "Group Marriage and Marriage by Eloquence" (with A. W. Howitt), "Land Tenure in Fiji," "Tales from Old Fiji," and papers on anthropological questions published by the Anthropological Institute and the Smithsonian Institution.

Prof. Albert Hoffa of the University of Berlin, and well-known for his various works on orthopaedics, has just died at the age of forty-seven. He was author of "Lehrbuch der orthopädischen Chirurgie," and "Frakturen und Luxationen."

Drama.

TWO NEW PLAYS.

Poetic works are so infrequent upon the contemporary stage that a piece like "The Jesters," now to be seen at the Empire Theatre, is entitled to a word of hearty appreciation, even if it does not fulfil all pleasurable expectations. It must be admitted that the original work of Miguel Zamacois has suffered at the hands of the adapter, John Raphael, who, by his unfortunate choice of metre and imperfect sense of musical diction, has robbed the verse of much of its fluency and simple grace, and taken the bloom, in many places, from a sentimental, romantic, and humorous fantasy by a touch of prosaic realism. But, even as it stands, the little play, for those who have ears to hear and sympathetic discerning vision, has distinctive literary and imaginative qualities of an agreeable if not very dazzling order. The story, one of the innumerable variations of the oldest of fairy tales, is naught in itself. A dainty maiden, cloistered by a doting but penniless old sire in a ruinous castle, prompted by mysterious yearnings of which she knows nothing, longs for a mate, the fairy prince of nursery fable. He comes in the shape of a hunchbacked jester, who woos her with the magic of his mind and tongue. At first she is inclined to favor a rival, duller of speech, but straighter of form, but presently, by a pretty conceit, the crooked lover teaches her the danger of judging the inner by the outer man, and wins from her a confession of love. Then, of course, he discards the false hump, shows himself as valiant and beautiful as he is wise, and carries her off to his own lordly castle. There are other personages—the proud but poor old father baron, the rival lover, a swaggering, drunken retainer of the ancient

Pistol kind, a harassed steward, servants, and so forth—and all of these are individualized with keen strokes of characterization and a vein of genuine if not very original humor, but practically there is no dramatic interest save in the progress of the hunchback's suit. The tale charms by its sweetness, simplicity, and humanity—a humanity that is none the less real because it is enveloped in the fanciful atmosphere of romance. To judge such a delicate trifle by the rigid standards of actuality would be ridiculous. The appeal is directed to the heart and the imagination, not at all to cynical common sense. For adequate stage interpretation it demands a degree of histrionic accomplishment far beyond the attainment of any of our present theatrical companies. The slovenly speech, ineloquent, spiritless, and graceless action of our modern players strip it of nearly all the illusion which is the life of an imaginative creation. In Paris Sarah Bernhardt played the part of the disguised lover, and it is not difficult to imagine with what pictorial and oratorical perfections she endowed him. At the Empire the hero is dependent solely upon the personal fascination of Miss Maude Adams, a rich possession, indeed, but in this instance inadequate. The only thoroughly competent performance, except for his broken speech, is the bally of Gustav von Seyffertitz, who ought hereafter to prove a great acquisition to the English stage. But in spite of all "The Jesters" is a delightful entertainment.

To what extent is a wife bound by her matrimonial vows to her husband? This is the theme of "Irene Wycherley," Anthony P. Wharton's play, which has been received with critical acclaim in London and was produced in the Astor Theatre here on Monday evening. It is a piece full of youthful extravagances and inconsistencies, but is nevertheless a remarkable work for a beginner, being uncommonly well made and deriving its action from the impelling force of character and circumstance. Its chief fault lies in the unnecessary crudity of some of its details, a fault common to youth, which is too apt to regard artistic reticence, in speech or action, as a sign of weakness. Mr. Wharton leaves little to the imagination, and the effect of his argument, as well as the general quality of the play, is lowered by his insistence upon unsavory, if veracious, details. Thus the principal scene, which has been widely praised for its truth and insight, in which the blinded and disfigured husband revolts his wife and brings about the final catastrophe by an exhibition of gross animalism, is, as a matter of fact, as unreasonable in the prescribed conditions as it is offensive to good taste. There can be no question that he has demonstrated a case in which the husband has made the matrimonial yoke an intolerable burthen; but he has failed to show the necessity of his wife's submission to it. Nor has he suggested any way out of her dilemma, except by the rupture of bonds imposed upon her only by her own conscience. To this extent the play is futile as well as unpleasant. Moreover, it must be admitted that the murder and suicide, through which the distressed wife ultimately secures her freedom and the promise of a new happiness, are less probable than they

are convenient, although much ingenuity is displayed in leading the action up to them. But, in spite of these shortcomings, the clever construction, excellent dialogue, lively and varied characterization, and cumulative interest, are merits that greatly outweigh the faults. The general performance is very good, but Miss Viola Allen is too self conscious and artificial an actress to give full effect to the character of Irene, while Mr. Arden, by an over-brutal impersonation of Wycherley, makes it difficult to sympathize with any woman who could ever have debased herself by marrying him.

It is pretty plain from the London criticisms, and, indeed, it is no more than might have been expected—that the "Edwin Drood" which Comyns Carr has constructed and Beerbohm Tree has produced at His Majesty's Theatre will give little satisfaction to the lovers of Dickens. These will not put much faith in the solution of the story's problem as worked out by Mr. Carr, or find much in the stage puppets to remind them of the original characters in the book.

Duffield & Co. will publish this season: "A Scheme and Estimate for a National Theatre," by William Archer and Granville Barker; The Stratford Town Shakespeare in ten volumes; Brooke's poem of "Romeus and Juliet" in the Shakespeare Library Series, and four volumes of the Shakespeare Classics: "The Troublesome Reign of King John," "The History of Hamlet," "The Play of King Lear and His Three Daughters," and "The Taming of a Shrew."

haps just as well that this was done. Paine was a conservative; he had little sympathy with Liszt, Berlioz, and the later developments of the romantic school, and his treatment of them would perhaps have lacked the objective, judicial attitude which now distinguishes his book, as well as the charm of sympathetic appreciation which attaches to his comments on the older masters. Wagner, too, used to be on his black list, but concerning him he changed his mind, and while he incidentally expresses his conviction that even Wagner's orchestral preludes are not so great in tragic pathos as some of the works of Beethoven, he ranks him with his idol in the ability to make his various works wholly unlike each other in style and treatment. In saying of Beethoven that "his bold modulations were unprecedented," he forgot Bach for the moment, though a worshipper of that composer. In pointing out that Beethoven was not preëminent as a vocal composer, he refers to the curious fact that while Beethoven often consulted orchestral musicians with regard to instrumental technical effects, he apparently did not ask the advice of singers as to vocal treatment. Schubert is ranked by Paine as supreme in song, and second in the symphony only to Beethoven. Oddly enough, he makes no adequate reference to Schubert's pianoforte pieces, which Rubinstein and Dvorak placed even above his songs in charm and originality.

The chief value of Paine's history lies in the remarkable clearness of all his statements. Frequent iteration of the same points to constantly changing classes, finally gave him the faculty of getting at the kernels of the hardest nuts with ease; subjects like ancient Greek music, the development of a musical notation, the first steps in the evolution of polyphony and harmony, which in some treatises are shrouded in impenetrable mystery, are here shown with stereoscopic distinctness. The account of Palestrina and his services to church music corresponds with the latest researches.

Professor Pratt's aim in writing a history of music was quite different from Professor Paine's. Though he, too, lectures on this subject (at Smith College and elsewhere) his object was not to produce a book for use in the class room, but rather a work of practically encyclopedic fulness. He has packed an immense number of facts into his 683 pages, and he must be commended specially for his skill in grouping the material in such a way as to give a proper perspective of the enormous field in view by his way of grouping the facts, the more important in larger type. It may be said that too many minor names are included among the numerous sketches of composers. By omitting such trivial information, room might have been provided for references to the more important books in which the subject of each chapter can be studied in detail. Apart from this, it would be difficult to suggest a way in which this book might have been improved. The summaries of each century are particularly serviceable, and the great composers are happily characterized in brief space. To the history of musical instruments more space is given than usual in books of this kind, and this feature will be welcomed, as information on this branch is widely scattered and not always easy of

Music.

The History of Music to the Death of Schubert. By John K. Paine. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$2.75 net.

The History of Music. By Waldo Selden Pratt. New York: G. Schirmer.

To the late Prof. John K. Paine belongs the honor of having introduced music as a regular course in Harvard University, a good example which other universities have since followed. One of his subjects, from the beginning, was the history of music. For fully three decades he lectured on that to classes numbering at first only half a dozen hearers, but gradually growing larger and larger. It was his intention to end his career by editing his lectures and issuing them in book form; but his sudden death prevented him from completing that plan. He had had the lectures covering the time to the death of Schubert typewritten, and had begun the revision of this material for the printer. After his death Mrs. Paine asked Prof. Albert A. Howard to see the book through the press. Professor Howard is an expert on ancient musical instruments, who is cited by Paine (p. 18); he has done his editorial work conscientiously, and has supplied helpful marginal notes. As the remainder of Paine's work existed only in the form of manuscript notes, and had not received the same careful treatment as the earlier portions, the editor wisely decided to end the book with Schubert, and to fit the title to the abbreviated form.

For more reasons than one it was per-

access. Beside the numerous illustrations of instruments and portraits of composers there are several maps of Europe in different ages. To sum up, Professor Pratt's history is a marvel of industrious research and exceptional usefulness.

Few things in the annals of opera are comparable to the apparition and triumph of Luisa Tetrazzini. Her career began eleven years ago, and she soon became a great favorite in St. Petersburg and in the cities of South America. Once she appeared in San Francisco and aroused so much enthusiasm that Mr. Conried engaged her for the Metropolitan Opera House; but she never appeared there, and nothing more was heard about her until, last November, she sang in London to an audience which only half filled the theatre. The next time she sang, the house was crowded to the ceiling, and so it was at all her subsequent appearances. The press joined the public in acclaiming her as a new Patti, and Mr. Hammerstein, who was sadly in need of a *prima donna*, engaged her promptly for the Manhattan Opera House. She has now appeared here three times, as *Violetta* in "La Traviata" and as *Lucia* in Donizetti's opera, and so far as the public is concerned, her triumph has been even greater here than in London. A stronger searchlight has, however, been thrown here on her vocal art, and the assertion that she is a second Patti must be denied. Her voice is not, like Patti's, of equal beauty in all its registers, nor are the registers equalized. The critical listener is disturbed by ugly gulps and an occasional false attack of a high note. Her trill is not so even as Melba's, or her cantilena so beautiful and expressive as Sembrich's. There is little dramatic feeling in her singing; and yet she thrills audiences that like ornate song as few of her predecessors have thrilled them. The chief beauty of her voice lies in the top register; her high C, D, and E flat are of dazzling brilliancy, and the ease with which she flings out the most dizzy *staccati* and the intricacies of florid song is astounding. There are many thousands who greatly prefer this ornate style of song to the more dramatic styles exemplified in "Aida," "Carmen," and "Madame Butterfly," not to speak of "Tristan"; and for such as these Tetrazzini is a blessing.

Cincinnati is to hold its eighteenth biennial Music Festival May 5 to 9. The principal choral works to be given are: Bach, "St. Matthew Passion"; Grieg, "Olaf Trygvasson"; Haydn, "The Seasons"; Pierino, "The Children's Crusade"; Beethoven, Ninth Symphony. The soloists thus far engaged are Johanna Gadski, Corinne Rider-Kelsey, Schumann-Heink, Janet Spencer, Daniel Beddoe, Edward Johnson, Dalton Baker. The festival forces consist of a chorus of 500; children's chorus from the public schools of Cincinnati, numbering 700; the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of 100. Frank Van der Stucken is conductor; and the associate conductor is Frederick Stock.

A year ago Humperdinck wrote a dozen pieces of incidental music for Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," and now an opera has been written with that play as a libretto, by Carl Goldmark, whose "Queen of Sheba" was at one time one of the most popular

operas on the stage. He is now seventy-six years old.

Art.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The one hundred and third annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts is, as is usual with exhibitions of that institution, an interesting one. It is also, more nearly than is always the case, an exhibition of current work; for there are comparatively few borrowed pictures of earlier date than the last few years, and no special exhibits of the work of one painter, living or dead. The galleries are too high, and not too well lighted, and some of them still retain the cruel red wall covering which once pervaded them all, but the general aspect of the show is a striking example of the advantage of sufficient space, not so much for the placing of many works as for the proper installation of those selected. There are four hundred and fifty-nine pictures here, only a few more than were shown in the last National Academy exhibition in New York, but the impression is of a much greater number. Each picture has some space about it, and the spreading of the exhibition through a number of smallish rooms has enabled the Hanging Committee to group the paintings sympathetically and to avoid the clash of opposing methods and discordant tones. Each picture looks its best, and this or that old friend reveals new beauties in its present surroundings.

There are many of these old friends. More than forty pictures were at once recognized as having figured in the National Academy exhibitions of the last year or two, and there are probably many more which have so figured, but were not remembered. When one notes that among these are such things as W. Sargent Kendall's two portraits and his *Reflection*, Ben Foster's *In the Pines*, Elliott Daingerfield's dramatic *Mountain Showers*, J. W. Alexander's *Portrait of Mr. Whittredge* and *A Favorite Corner*, Louis Loeb's *The Summit and Twilight—Calm Refuge of Day*, E. W. Redfield's *March*, W. T. Smedley's *Booklovers*, Emil Carlsen's *Canaan Mountain*, Leonard Ochtman's *December*, Hugo Ballin's *The Bath*, Irving R. Wiles's *Portrait in Black*, Henry O. Walker's *Portrait of Brother and Sister*, and Paul Dougherty's *Surf Ring* and *Twisted Ledge*, to mention but a few, one realizes how much that is important here comes from our own exhibitions. One must add to these the pictures by E. C. Tarbell, T. W. Deming, W. M. Chase, Willard L. Metcalf, J. Alden Weir, and the late John H. Twachtman, which have been seen at the exhibitions of the Ten American Painters or at "one man shows" in New York, and such borrowed works as Winslow Homer's *Search Light* (from the Metropolitan Museum), J. Frank Currier's *Whistling Boy*, John S. Sargent's *Lady With a Rose*, and George DeForest Brush's early *Moose Hunt*, all familiar to well-informed New Yorkers.

That these pictures should be in the exhibition is altogether to its advantage, and to the credit of the managers, but their

presence makes the task of the critic difficult. If he would not repeat comments already, and very recently, made, he must restrict himself to the merest mention of many of the things which are best and most important. The Sargent is, indeed, so old a friend that it is almost new. The quarter century since it was painted has slightly and pleasantly glided its surface, and added the last charm to its always perfect workmanship and delicate refinement. Mr. Sargent has done more vigorous and more brilliant things since 1882, but never anything lovelier, and it is good to see again this expression of a mood that is, not common with him. The richness and quality of the blacks are especially delightful, and one cannot avoid the wish that he would oftener paint them in this way; but the great charm, after all, is that of a winning personality treated with entire sympathy. The John Sargent that we have is a great figure in contemporary art. It is well to be reminded that there was another Sargent, finer in some ways if less forceful.

Directly opposite this great picture hangs one of the most important of the new works shown, E. C. Tarbell's almost entirely admirable portrait of President Seelye of Smith College. It is a large canvas, nearly square, and represents the scholar, in academic gown, seated at a table with books and a lamp upon it. The head is sympathetically characterized and admirably painted; the gown is well arranged and is unmistakably black, while receiving as much light as the head; and the background shows the feeling for gradation and illumination which made the *Girl Crocheting* one of the most remarkable genre paintings of our day. It is a picture as well as a portrait, and should add to the painter's great and deserved reputation. The only fault in it is the rendering of the right hand, somewhat self-conscious in pose, sharp of edge, and, to my feeling, false in value. It catches the eye and holds it with a certain inconsistency, disorganizing somewhat the adjustment of the tones which would otherwise be perfect.

Near these two pictures hang the new contributions of Paul Dougherty and Sergeant Kendall. Mr. Kendall's *Narcissa* is a variant on his *Reflection*—the same model in the same surroundings, but differently posed. It is even more interesting in line than the other, and the bit of bright green ribbon gives its color an odd tang that pleases. Mr. Dougherty's *Blue Gale* is of the same sturdy, full-blooded kind as his previously seen contributions. It is of fine, full color, and the hump of the wave over the rocks—it is moving too fast to break against them—is well caught. Near by is a marine of another quality, Charles H. Woodbury's *Deep Sea*. It is a small canvas, but, as in his larger *At Sea*, in another room, there is a great lift to the wave, and great sense of bulk and massiveness, attained with little actual height and by sheer force of drawing. Good and interesting drawing of another kind—drawing occupying itself with the intricate loops of foam formed by the surf—is shown in Frederick J. Waugh's three contributions. In the largest of these, *Under the Full Moon*, there is also a good study of moonlight on the creamy water. A different con-

dition of moon or sea, when the dancing glitter of reflection is the principal thing aimed at, is shown in F. W. Benson's *Moonlit Sea*. There is little wave drawing here, but the glitter is attained.

Three large figure canvases are Cecilia Beaux's *Brother and Sister*, which, where it is hung, looks less interesting than her work usually does—it may be the fault of the lighting that the eyes seem unduly dwelt upon; Eugene Paul Ullman's *Child at Play*, with its clever handling which reminds one of that of Alfred Steevens; and Homer Boss's *Portrait of an Actress*. The latter is, as to manner, of the ivory black school of the moment, but shows a feeling for character, which is of no school. W. W. Gilchrist, Jr., paints charmingly in his small picture called *In the Little Gold Room*, and Philip L. Hale, in his *Glitter*, experiments with some success in the vein of Howard Cushing. There is so much knowledge and ability in Mr. Hale's work that one wishes he might find himself and cease echoing others.

In Gallery G one notes Frederick Clay Bartlett's soundly designed and painted *Roman Afternoon*; Edward W. Redfield's *Fallen Tree*, vigorous and fresh in its blue and white and gold, and Alfred H. Maurer's black and white *Parisienne*, which shows the artist in a transitional state and less sure of himself than he was some years ago. Perhaps I may, without impropriety, mention Mrs. Louise Cox's two contributions before passing on to Gallery H, filled, mainly, with the work of the more impressionistic among the "Ten American Painters" or with pictures in harmony with theirs. Of the pictures here, not previously seen by the present writer, Mr. Benson's *Portrait of my Three Daughters*, awarded the Temple gold medal, is perhaps the best. The pervading sunlight is admirably rendered, and the tones of warm rose and violet and blue make up a fine harmony of color. Robert Reid's *White Lilac* is exceedingly pale, but full of a delicate charm, and Willard L. Metcalf's *Trembling Leaves* succeeds in conveying the dazzle of young foliage shaken by a light breeze. Childe Hassam always has fresh work to show, and he has two good pictures in this room, but even better is his *Leda* in Gallery I, a beautiful piece of out-of-door painting, with admirably designed tree masses, in which the white of the swan plays its part to perfection. His *Aphrodite*, from the Pittsburgh exhibition of last year, completes his representation. William M. Chase is never so much himself—never so much the painter—as when he is occupied with still-life, and his study of Fish, in Gallery A, is of his best, powerful in color and direct in handling, if less flowing and unctuous than some of its predecessors.

With such new works as these and such works already seen as those beforementioned, and with much more, new and old, of a high degree of merit, is furnished forth an exhibition which cannot fail to justify further one's admiration of the present achievement and confidence in the future excellence of the American school of painting. Our sculpture is not so well shown, although there are a hundred and thirty-nine pieces on exhibition—a number far in excess of what our narrow gallery accommodation admits of in New York. The

truth is that this number has been attained by a doubtfully judicious liberality of admission, much of the work seen being below any conceivable standard of merit. Outside a few things from recent New York exhibitions, such as Karl Bitter's Testimonial Tablet and Edith Woodman Burroughs's charming *Circe*, and outside a large collection of the animal bronzes of the late Edward Kemys, the sculpture shown is mostly of local origin, and as there are some first-rate sculptors in Philadelphia there are some good things, such as Charles Graffy's well-modelled *Maidenhood*, A. Stirling Calder's graceful and elegant *Pacific Venus*, and Albert Laessle's capital studies of tortoises; but of many other pieces it may be said, as it cannot be said of many paintings, that the exhibition would be the better for their absence.

KENYON COX.

To the Italian art magazines a new *Vita d'Arte*, published in Siena, is now added. Among the articles contained in the first issue (January) may be mentioned "Le Meduse degli Uffizi," by Corrado Ricci; "Un' Altra Figlia del Mare," by Angelo Conti, and "Alberto Martini," by Giovanni Papini. The illustrations are well printed, but it is only right to add that one or two of the subjects reproduced from Martini's work are revoltingly unwholesome.

Charles Scribner's Sons have now on their list of imported books the second volume of "*In English Homes*," with its many handsome photographs by Charles Latham and its letterpress edited, and in part written, by H. Avray Tipping. What was said in the *Nation* (October 13, 1904) about the first volume of these papers collected from the London *Country Life*, stands equally well, with the change of name, for the second. There is the same series of handsome photographs, the same lack of plans whether of the interiors or of grounds, and the same sketchy text. In the present work forty-nine places are pictured and described, including such old historic homes as Hever Castle, Holland House, Welbeck Abbey, and more modern structures, such as Clouds, in southwest Wilts, built by the Hon. Percy Wyndham. A volume of the same character, but much smaller in scope and cheaper, is "*The Fourth Book of Pilgrimages to Old Homes*," by Fletcher Moss, with photographs by James Watts (published by the author, Didsbury, England). The heart of this fourth tour takes us to Wales, where romantic associations and ruins are more abundant than ancient castles that are still homes. But there is Gwydyr Castle, of the Wynne family, with its furniture, panelling and relics well preserved from restoring and modernizing. A chapter still more interesting than this takes us into Derbyshire, to old "Bess of Hardwick's" glaring mansion, Hardwick Hall. Mr. Moss tells the matrimonial adventures of that famous lady with considerable vivacity.

The latest volume of the series *Les Maîtres de l'Art* is devoted to Scopas and Praxiteles, but really includes all Greek sculpture from the fourth century B. C. to the time of Alexander. It is written by Prof. Maxime Collignon, whose abundant historical work in this field is too well known to need recalling.

Marcel Dieulafoy, who with his wife began the excavations on a great scale at Susa and published the wonderful reproductions of the Esther and Ahasuerus palace, consecrated by a hall in the Louvre museum, has turned his attention to a more recent field. In "*La Statuaire polychrome en Espagne*" he describes the almost unknown work of artists whom he calls "pupils of Michael Angelo and contemporaries of Velazquez." The volume (price 100 francs) has 80 fine plates, of which 3 are in colors.

Two reproductions of antique mural paintings in colors are published by E. A. Seemann, as the twenty-fourth *Heft* of his large collection, *Die Galerien Europas*. These pictures, now in the Thermal Museum of Rome, were originally in a Roman house dating from the early days of the empire.

The frescoes by Domenico Ghirlandaio in the choir of S. Maria Novella, Florence, are once more exhibited after more than two years of concealment behind scaffolding. Most of this time was wasted in inconclusive debate about the proper method of cleaning. At length, about two months ago, the matter was placed in the hands of a committee consisting of Bernhard Berenson, Signor Marrai, and Professor Volpi. It was decided that only a careful cleaning with bread crumbs was necessary to remove the dust and grime, and the work proceeded rapidly in the skilful hands of the restorer, Domenico Fiscali. Now one sees the series not as Ghirlandaio left it, for the cleaner has cautiously refrained from removing the last vestiges of dirt, but, at least, better than it has been seen in the memory of men. On the whole, the result is an exposure of Ghirlandaio's weakness as a decorator. The work abounds in superficial and fetching prettinesses, but except in the portrait groups one lacks the serious note of the Florentine Renaissance. These designs appear as a perfunctory and weary product of his old age, and one suspects that not merely in execution but in invention student assistants played a prominent part.

In many ways Italy is now showing her sense of responsibility in the matter of protecting both her ancient monuments and the beauty of her landscape. The Commissione Centrale per le antichità e belle arti has passed several important resolutions at recent meetings for the preservation of old buildings. The project of destroying the Porta al Borgo in Pistoia and the historic city ramparts of Lucca for the passing of electric trams, has been strictly forbidden. The project of changing the old picturesque arch of the Buontalenti in Florence, which joins Or San Michele with the Palazzo dell' arte della Lana, has also been stopped. It is due to the energy of the same society that the erection of a modern villa close to the famous Oratorio di San Bernardino in Perugia was prohibited. The government and the city of Perugia will purchase the land close to the Oratorio so as to prevent any repetition of such an attempt. The archaeological section of the Commissione Centrale has, moreover, passed a resolution which will meet with general approval. There has been much talk of cutting down all the trees in the gardens of the Villa Mills and the monastery of San Bonaventura on the Palatine. One

of the most picturesque spots in Rome would thus be spoiled. It has now been decided to preserve them and carry on excavations on that site only in so far as no damage is done to them. The present Municipal Council of Rome has been severely criticised, both in Italy and elsewhere, for opening several breaches in the walls of the Capital. It appears, however, from an official statement which has just been issued, that the new council is by no means to blame. It has done nothing but continue what has been proposed and ratified by scientific bodies and carried out by the previous administration. The openings were made in the stretch of wall between the Porta Pinciana and Porta Salaria, which contains portions in a very reduced condition, or with considerable modern restorations. Thus new and direct communications between the adjacent quarters could be established without sensible damage to the Pincian walls.

The Alhambra at Granada is being cleared, as far as possible, of all modern restorations which now obstruct various parts of the monument. The original design of the building will then come out to greater advantage.

At the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, there is an exhibition of aquarelles, illustrative of the life of Jeanne d'Arc, by Maurice Bouet de Monvel, till February 13. Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries are paintings by Henry Moret, Durand-Ruel's, January 25; pastels and water-colors by Alexander Robinson, Powell's, January 31; pictures by Paul Dougherty, William Macbeth's, February 1; paintings by Henry R. Poore, Theodore C. Noyes, February 6.

Eugène Vidal, painter of portraits and landscapes, member of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, has died at Cagnes. One of his works is now on the wall of the Luxembourg.

Finance.

CLEARING-HOUSE CERTIFICATES.

It was said at the New York Clearing House, on Monday, that the loan certificates, issued to New York banks for use in exchanges during the money-hoarding panic, have been redeemed and cancelled with such rapidity that their complete retirement is plainly in sight. This result, it hardly need be said, followed naturally on the \$26,000,000 gain in cash reserves by the city's banks last week, of which \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 apparently represented return of hoarded cash. After the decision of the New York Clearing House, on October 26, to resort to loan certificates, no information as to the amount allotted to the banks was given out. The public was left in the dark until a few days ago, when the president of the Clearing House declared that, at the crisis of the panic, \$97,000,000 of this substitute money had been issued.

In this matter of Clearing-House certificates several considerations are worth examining. That the maximum issue of \$97,000,000 far surpassed all precedent—the \$38,000,000 in 1893 holding the previous record—is not of itself more remarkable than the fact that the deficit of New York bank reserves, below the 25 per cent. ratio to de-

posits required by law, should have reached \$54,000,000 last November, as against the high record of \$16,500,000 in 1893. We are dealing nowadays with much larger totals, and despite the seemingly enormous shortage of reserve in November, the cash still left was 20 per cent. of outstanding deposits, or practically the same as at the crisis of 1893.

The larger question is, what this experience of 1907 foreshadows for the future. By general consent, recourse to loan certificates, adopted with great reluctance last October, sustained the solvency of the banks at a critical moment. But this does not prove the expedient a good thing *per se*. People are asking whether the certificates did not bring serious evils in their train.

In theory, the use of such paper, secured by appropriate collateral, in payment of daily Clearing House balances against a bank, means that the stronger banks lend their cash reserves to a weaker associate. They are creditors; by the ordinary rule, they should receive lawful money in payment; this claim they forego, and accept instead a 6 per cent. due-bill. It is easy to see how such an expedient may serve without further consequences where support of a few weak institutions is the object in view. But if all banks were to take out such certificates, and were to use them in payment of balances, the purpose of the device would be defeated. The result would simply be that no bank would pay cash for its indebtedness to other Clearing House institutions. In one month of 1893, no less than 95 per cent. of these balances was paid in loan certificates, and something like this must have happened last November.

But, obviously, what this signifies is that all the fifty-three Clearing House banks of New York city suspended cash payments to one another. From this it is but a step to suspension of cash payments to depositors; and to restriction on cash remittances against drafts by out-of-town banks, or on provision of "pay-roll money" to commercial depositors. The result, therefore, is the currency premium, the blockade of interior exchange, the suspension of payments at other banking centres, and the issue of checks for "wage money" at industrial centres.

This chain of events seems a fairly conclusive argument against the plan proposed by President Gilbert of the Clearing House Association, for the extension of the device of loan certificates under the form of law, to all of the banks of the country. This plan approaches the problem from the wrong side. Provision for a taxed "emergency currency," based on deposited assets of the banks, as the Bankers' Association plan provides, would do something to relieve the strain on bank reserves at a time of actual crisis. Reform in the practice of carrying insufficient cash reserves, and reform in the habit of basing large credit issues on deposits borrowed from other banks a thousand miles away, would do far more. The time has come for the thoughtful banker to grapple with this question of recurrent suspension of payments by American banks, and, without waiting until actual emergency is again upon us, make provision for the longer financial future. The theory, cherished by many intelligent bankers during the re-

cent era of rapid expansion, that the consolidation and greater capital resources of our banks would prevent any relapse into primitive conditions, has turned out a mere delusion. Not only were payments suspended, as before, in the panic of 1907, but the area affected, the number of institutions involved, and even the duration of the period of restriction, were more serious than in either 1893 or 1873. For the good name of American finance, this ought never to occur again.

"The Causes of the Panic of 1893," by W. J. Lauck (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a prize essay in the series established by Messrs. Hart, Schaffner & Marx. It reviews the industrial and financial history of the decade preceding 1893, and then describes the panic itself. In the account which Mr. Lauck gives of the conditions in Germany, France, and Great Britain his work supplements usefully A. D. Noyes's "Thirty Years of American Finance"; but in his discussion of events in the United States he adds substantially nothing to Mr. Noyes's narrative. By a process of exclusion of other possible causes, Mr. Lauck reaches the conclusion that the "fundamental and effective" cause of the financial disturbances of 1893 was the Sherman Silver-Purchase Act of 1890—a conclusion from which, we take it, few are likely to dissent at the present day. So far as the reviewer can find, our author does not even dignify by the barest mention the theory that the trouble was due to impending changes in the tariff. Since he is in search of "fundamental and effective" causes he is justified in refusing to consider this theory seriously; but as a contributory cause of minor importance, unsettlement due to proposed tariff legislation might well have been mentioned. We suppose that even a proposal to raise the tariff would lead to some hesitancy in investing capital in certain directions until the precise character and scope of the change should become known.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allison, Younge. *The Delicious Vice*. Cleveland: Privately printed.
Bacon, Josephine Daskam. *Ten to Seventeen*. Harpers. \$1.50.
Bailey-Manly Spelling Book. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. 30 cents net.
Bell, Gertrude Lowthian. *Syria, the Desert and the Sown*. Dutton. \$3 net.
Binns, Henry Bryan. *Abraham Lincoln*. Dutton. \$1.50 net.

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 Burke's Peerage and Baronetage. 1908. Putnams.
 Campbell, Frances. *A Shepherd of the Stars*. Dutton. \$1.50 net.
 Campbell, Thomas. *Poetical Works of*. Edited by J. Logie Robertson. Henry Frowde.
 Corbett, Julian S. *England in the Seven Years' War*. 2 vols. Longmans. \$6 net.
 Denison, T. S. *Natural or Mexican in Aryan Phonology*. Chicago: Published by the Author.
 Earp, Edwin L. *Social Aspects of Religious Institutions*. Eaton & Mains. 75 cents net.
 Eddy, Walter Hollis. *General Physiology and Anatomy*. American Book Co. \$1.20.
 Gilbey, Walter and E. D. Cuming. *George Morland*. Macmillan. \$6 net.
 Gosse, Edmund. *Henrik Ibsen*. Scribner. \$1 net.
 Grainger, James Moses. *Studies in the Syntax of the King James Version*. Chapel Hill, N. C.: University Press.
 Grant, Percy Stickney. *The Search of Beelzebub*. Brentano's.
 Gore, Charles. *The New Theology and the Old Religion*. Dutton. \$2 net.
 Hancock, Elizabeth Hazewood. *Betty Peinbrooke*. Neale Publishing Co. \$1.50.
 Hardick, Ales. *Skeletal Remains in North America*. Washington: Government Printing Office.
 Helmholz, Anna Augustus. *The Indebtedness of Samuel Taylor Coleridge to August Wilhelm von Schlegel*. Madison, Wis. 40 cents.
 Hobbs, William Herbert and Charles Kenneth Leith. *The Pre-Cambrian Volcanic and Intrusive Rocks of the Fox River Valley*. Madison, Wis. 25 cents.

Huels, Frederick William. *A Comparison of the Effects of Frequency in the Light of Incandescent and Nernst Lamps*. Madison, Wis. 25 cents.
 Ibsen, Henrik. Edited by William Archer. Vol. I. Scribner. \$1.
 Jenkins, Stephen. *A Princess and Another*. B. W. Huebsch.
 Jewish Charities, National Conference of. 1906. Stettiner Bros. \$1.
 Johnson, E. Borough. *The Drawings of Michael Angelo*. Imported by Scribner. \$2.50 net.
 Jordan, David Starr. *Fishes*. Holt. 26 net.
 Keyser, Cassius Jackson. *Mathematics*. Columbia University Press.
 Kingsley, Charles. *My Winter Garden*. Owing Publishing Co.
 Knopf, Douglas. *American Business Enterprise*. Manchester: University Press.
 Lewis, Charlton M. *The Genesis of Hamlet*. Holt. \$1.25 net.
 Matterson, D. M. *Analytic Index*. The American Nation. Vol. 27. Harpers. \$2 net.
 Matthews, Brander. *The Short-Story*. American Book Co. \$1.
 McFadden, Elizabeth A. and Lillian E. Davis. *A Selected List of Plays*. Cincinnati: E. A. McFadden.
 Metchnikoff, Elie. *The Prolongation of Life*. Translated by P. Chalmers Mitchell. Putnams. \$2.50 net.
 Munro, Neil. *The Clyde*. Macmillan Co. \$6 net.
 Nichols, Ernest Fox. *Physics*. Columbia University Press.
 Norris, Mary Harriett. *The Veil*. Boston: Badger.
 Old Testament and Semitic Studies. In Memory of William Rainey Harper. Edited by Robert F. Harper. University of Chicago Press.
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Pasture, Mrs. Henry de la. *Deborah of Tod's*. Dutton. \$1.50.
 Pearl, The. Rendered into Prose by Charles G. Osgood, Jr. Princeton, N. J.: Published by the Translator.
 Pearson, R. Hooper. *The Book of Garden Pests*. Lane. \$1 net.
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 Shelley, Complete Poetical Works of. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. Henry Frowde.
 Schultz, Ernst von. *Kulturgeschichtliche Streifzüge*. Hamburg.
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 Stewart, Clinton Brown. *Investigation of Centrifugal Pumps*. Madison, Wis. 50 cents.
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 Thayer, James Bradley. *Legal Essays*. Boston: The Boston Book Co.
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